THEATRE

OF

EDUCATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

Leçon commence, Exemple acheve.
LA MOTTE, *Fable de L'Aigle et L'Aiglon.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXXIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

CHILDREN's BALL:

OR,

THE DUEL.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE PERSONS.

The BARON.

THEODORE, the Baron's Son, 12 years old.

MELMOUTH, Theodore's Tutor.

SIR GEORGE WARWICK, 13 years old.

RICHARD, Theodore's Servant.

The Scene is at Paris, in the Baron's Houſe.

THE CHILDREN's BALL; OR, THE DUEL.

A COMEDY.

Et dans des foibles corps s'allume un grande courage.
RACINE *fils, Poeme de la Religion.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Stage repreſents a Hall, at the end of which a canopy is ſeen.

The BARON, MELMOUTH.

BARON.

IS the great ſaloon in order for the ball?

MEL. Yes, Sir, the ſeats are placed, the ſideboard ſet out, and every thing ready.

BAR. How is my ſon employed?

MEL. He is under the hands of his valet for the third time to-day.

BAR. O fy! how can you ſuffer it?

MEL. What would you have me do, Sir? This ball which you are giving has quite turned his head. He ſays he will dance the Coſack to night. He ſkips and jumps till he is violently heated, practiſing this confounded Coſack; he is obliged to have his hair dreſſed and his ſhirt changed every hour. I never ſaw the like, he ſeems out of his wits.

BAR. This is very extraordinary; laſt year he did not love dancing——

MEL. O, but at preſent 'tis all in all with him. He got up this morning before I did, and danced the Coſack three times ere he thought of going to breakfaſt.

BAR. This is not natural; there muſt be ſomething concealed under this!——

MEL. [laughing.] Why truly there is ſomething.

BAR. What is it; I pray you tell me?

MEL. It is, that Miſs Emily is coming to the ball this evening; Miſs Emily is a charming girl, and dances the Coſack to admiration.

BAR. So! you imagine that is the reaſon——

MEL. O, I am ſure of it. He loves Miſs Emily with all his heart.

BAR. Upon my word, his heart is ſomewhat in haſte. Do you know that Theodore is only twelve years old?

MEL. I aſſure you, Sir, he ſpeaks of the graces and accompliſhments of Miſs Emily as if he were eighteen.

BAR. Speaks, ſay you; that is too much, he muſt be taught to hold his tongue. Since he muſt give himſelf the airs of being in love, let him begin by learning diſcretion. But I have ſome orders to give;—wait here, I will be back with you in a moment.

[He goes out.

MEL. [alone.] What an excellent Father! ——ſuch penetrating well-regulated tenderneſs for his ſon——happy the Tutor, whoſe views for his pupil are thus ſeconded by a father! It is the wiſdom or folly of parents that makes good or bad inſtructors.

SCENE II.

MELMOUTH, RICHARD.

MEL. Well, Richard;—has Maſter Theodore done dreſſing at laſt?

RICH. Yes, Sir; and I came to give you notice, that I told him you wanted him, becauſe if he is left but a moment to himſelf he will be at the Coſack again.

MEL. Yet he gave me his promiſe that he would keep himſelf quiet.

RICH. But, Sir, the Coſack is too many for him. While I was dreſſing him, he ſung, beat time, and was ſo reſtleſs—Oh, he has provoked me exceſſively this day.

MEL. Go and call him hither.

RICH. I beg of you, Sir, not to mention it to him; he does not deſerve to be reproved——The Baron commanded me to acquaint you with every thing.——Between you and I——you will laugh—but—you know Miſs Emily?

MEL. Yes.

RICH. Well—ſhe is the cauſe of Maſter Theodore's gambols—He is no longer a child, I aſſure you.

MEL. What makes you think ſo?

RICH. By Jove, it is as clear as the ſun at noon-day——I ſuſpected it theſe three weeks, but now I am certain. He made ſome verſes this morning, in which he ſays, "My deareſt Emily I love, and while I live I'll conſtant prove;" there is that, and—he is a ſpirited youth!——He forgot his verſes upon the table, and I read them; and then he ſent immediately for the butler, to beg that he would make ſome pine-apple ice, becauſe Miſs Emily loves it————then he always carries an artificial roſe in his pocket, which Miſs Emily loſt at the laſt ball: in ſhort, he thinks of nothing but her; it is very droll————

MEL. Huſh, I hear him coming.

RICH. Hold, I told you ſo; he is ſinging the Coſack.

SCENE III.

MELMOUTH, THEODORE, RICHARD.

MEL. Richard, leave us. [Richard goes out.

[Theodore enters ſinging.

MEL. Well, Sir; you have danced all the powder out of your hair already———

THE. [dancing ſome ſteps.] That plaguy ſtep!—I ſhall never hit it———

MEL. I can't but admire your obedience, and the regard you ſhew for your word of honour——I will dance no more, ſay you; I promiſe you I will not——

THE. [a little piqued.] It is true, I did ſay ſo, but I did not give you my word of honour——I do not diſregard my word of honour, I aſſure you, Mr. Melmouth.

MEL. So that if you ſtop ſhort of an oath, there is no depending upon your proteſtations——A man ſhould never be laviſh of his word of honour, which ought not to be given but upon extraordinary occaſions——— if it is to be employed on every occaſion, I ſhall no longer believe you.

THE. No longer believe me!

MEL. Am I wrong? I appeal to yourſelf.

THE. But———

MEL. And I cannot conceal from you, that being once accuſtomed to doubt you in ſmall matters, you will find it more difficult to perſuade me in affairs of conſequence; and your word and honour will make leſs impreſſion upon me than your ſimple promiſe did formerly.

THE. That is to ſay, Mr. Melmouth, that you no longer have any regard for me. ——Thoſe that love us, believe what we ſay ——As for my part, I believe every thing that you ſay, and———

MEL. But did I ever deceive you?

THE. O no———

MEL. You always believe me, yet I never gave you my word of honour.———Learn then, Theodore, that the yes and no of an honeſt man is equal to all the oaths in the world. Is not truth the firſt of virtues, ſince giving the lye is the greateſt affront that can be offered, and that honour indiſpenſably obliges us to expoſe our lives to obtain revenge for it?

THE. I aſſure you, that even now, except my father, I would not ſuffer any man upon earth to give me the lye.

MEL. You would fight; would you?

THE. Certainly, I would fight——'Tis true, that I am only twelve years old; but did not my father ſerve his firſt campaign at

twelve? So that if one can be qualified to ſerve the King at that age, may he not at the ſame age fight in his own particular quarrel?——A ſword, or piſtol, 'tis the ſame thing; it kills, or it ſaves our honour, no matter which.

MEL. It kills, no matter which, but there is ſome difference in the honour: there is ſomewhat more honour to be gained in fighting for our king and country, than in fighting a fellow-citizen. A great many circumſtances muſt concur to make a duel excuſable in the eyes of men of ſenſe. It is equally condemned by the laws of our country, and by humanity; and when it is not required by real honour, can only be a ſhameful miſconduct, and the effect of folly and madneſs.

THE. But when the cauſe is perfectly juſt?

MEL. Then, indeed, a man does his duty, and cannot fail to have the good wiſhes and approbation of all worthy people. But ſuch an inſtance is ſo rare!——One, indeed, may have an unavoidable reaſon for fighting, even without juſtice on his ſide.

THE. How can that be?

MEL. When the lye is given, for example; if he who receives it, deſerves it, and though a liar, is nevertheleſs brave; he will certainly do well to fight, becauſe he has no other reſource. Yet, what will be the conſequence? He will only prove that he is not

a coward, and will be equally liable to the dreadful remorſe of having merited ſo diſhonourable an imputation. He will no leſs retain the character of a liar;———he may be revenged, but he cannot be juſtified, by fighting. You will allow that no honour is to be gained in ſuch a cauſe.

THE. I comprehend that very well, and I give you my word of honour, Mr. Melmouth, that I ſhall ſhew the greateſt regard for truth, even in the ſmalleſt matters, and that my yes and no ſhall be equal to yours.

MEL. Such an engagement gives me inexpreſſible pleaſure, and I look upon it as inviolable.

THE. O, here comes my father.

SCENE IV.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, THEODORE.

BAR. Theodore, I was in ſearch of you, to tell you bad news;——there are no pine-apples to be had, ſo that the ice that you ordered——

THE. O, Sir, it is quite indifferent.

BAR. You don't mind it then?

THE. No, Sir——

BAR. I can ſcarce perſuade myſelf of that.

MEL. O, Sir, when Maſter Theodore ſays no, you may believe him; a no from his mouth, has all the force of an oath.

BAR. So much the better, my dear; how happy I am to find you have ſuch principles!

THE. Sir——

BAR. What is the matter with you? why that ſorrowful look?

THE. My God,——Mr. Melmouth.

MEL. What——tears in your eyes! how is this?

THE. In retracting immediately what I

ſaid, would you call it a breach of my promiſe?

MEL. A ſpeedy, frank and open reparation reſtores all.

THE. Sir———it is—in fact I have no particular deſire for pine-apple ice, it is indifferent to me, as to myſelf, that there ſhould not be any——but——however I am ſorry———becauſe ſeveral ladies aſked for it the other day at my aunt's———and that is the reaſon of my being anxious to have ſome this evening.

BAR. You ought not then to have ſaid it was indifferent to you.

THE. It is quite indifferent to me, as to myſelf, Sir; that is what I meant to ſay.

BAR. Ah, Theodore, no evaſions; ſee what a number of faults you are hurried into by the commiſſion of one. In the beginning you were only guilty of a trivial equivocation, occaſioned by your being perplexed; but now, to excuſe yourſelf, you employ falſehood and diſſimulation;———why make uſe of ſuch trifling deceit?———there is ſuch courage and nobleneſs of ſoul in an ingenuous confeſſion.

THE. Well, Sir, I did ſay no at firſt very improperly; but it eſcaped me, and that very inſtant I intended to retract.

MEL. But what is much better, you have convinced us. He juſtifies the confidence placed in him by his friends, who is found incapable of abuſing it.

BAR. Come, Theodore, ſince you have explained yourſelf with frankneſs, all is forgotten. But tell me who are theſe ladies who are ſo fond of pine-apple ice?

THE. [embarraſſed and very low.] Sir—— it is Miſs Emily.

BAR. Eh! I don't hear you.

THE. It is Miſs Emily, Sir.

BAR. And the others?

THE. Only Miſs Emily, Sir.

BAR. But you ſaid ſeveral ladies. Why did you ſay ſeveral inſtead of one; it was probably from confuſion?

THE. No, Sir——it was on purpoſe.

BAR. And why ſo?

THE. Becauſe I durſt not mention Miſs Emily ſingly.

BAR. Now, Theodore, you anſwer without evaſion, come and embrace me. If you knew how much I am delighted with it, and in what an amiable light candour appears!—My dear child, you have an honeſt good heart; do not then employ idle deceit, but leave falſhood and diſſimulation to vice, which needs a cloak to hide its deformity.—An upright heart abhors even the appearance of diſguiſe, and the beſt heart is always the moſt ingenuous; in ſhort, it is happy in yielding to the pleaſing and flattering certainty of attaching more friends to it the better it is known.

THE. I ſhall always pay the ſtricteſt regard to truth, I aſſure you, Sir———

BAR. Now then, my child, confeſs the reaſon of your mentioning Miſs Emily to me with ſo much reluctance.

THE. Truly, I do not well know the reaſon myſelf———

BAR. I am told you are exceſſively captivated with her; you repeat her name inceſſantly; you praiſe her to all the world, you talk of her to your domeſtics, and I am the only perſon to whom you have not mentioned her. Do you know what this proves, Theodore? That you forget you have made a choice without my conſent; likewiſe, you have not that confidence in me which is my due, and you are deficient in diſcretion.

THE. O, no, Sir———I have no confidence in any one but you and Mr. Melmouth.

MEL. It is indeed true, that you have frequently mentioned Miſs Emily to me, but I cannot diſſemble, that your moſt intimate confidence on that head, has been placed in Richard, Brunel and Bertrand; in ſhort, in all the ſervants of the houſe.

BAR. Theſe are worthy confidents!——Thus every body believes you are diſtractedly fond of Miſs Emily:———people often deceive themſelves, Theodore; but if you really love her, you ſhould be more diſcreet, and ſhew a greater regard for the young lady's reputation.

THE. Ah, Sir, ſhe has never ſhewn me the leaſt preference, and I have always ſaid ſo.

BAR. If ſhe had ſhewn you any preference, could you have avowed it?

THE. No, Sir.

BAR. Your proteſtations then on that head cannot avail her; it may be ſuppoſed that you conceal the return ſhe makes you from the certainty of being thought either a fool or a knave by declaring it; beſides, many people are perſuaded that a man is never violently in love with a woman without having great hopes, and indeed it is the general opinion; ——thus you ſee that it is very great indiſcretion to proclaim the paſſion which one feels, and which delicacy, prudence, and even honour ſhould reſtrict you never to mention.

THE. I pray you, Sir, forbid Richard and Brunel to mention it to any perſon whatever.

BAR. The evil is already done; and perhaps they have told it to a hundred people. Above all things, my dear boy, I wiſh you to deteſt thoſe vices which lead to irreparable injuries; indiſcretion and detraction are of the number, and forget not that repentance never purifies the heart, but when it affords the means of reparation. I have yet one more queſtion to aſk you; I am told you always carry a roſe in your pocket which Miſs Emily gave you——

THE. [haſtily.] That ſhe gave me!—— O heavens! ſuch a falſehood!——that roſe

dropt from her hair at the laſt ball, and I picked it up without her knowledge.

BAR. You ſee how the truth is changed by paſſing through different mouths, and how much wiſer it had been never to have mentioned this roſe.

THE. But, Sir, who was it told ſuch a falſehood?

BAR. It was one of my own family, I aſſure you; and ſince you are ſo deſirous to know, it was your aunt who told it me this morning.

THE. My aunt! how could ſhe?

BAR. She knew it from different reports; nor is it at all ſurpriſing, for four-and-twenty hours are ſufficient to ſpread an indiſcretion all over Paris; and by thus circulating, the fact is altered and made worſe, according to the malignity of thoſe that repeat it; and among a great number of people there are always ſome of them wicked.

MEL. This is very diſagreeable, however, for Miſs Emily.

THE. O my God ——I pray you, Sir, to write to my aunt.

BAR. My dear, I cannot conceal from you the fruitleſſneſs of ſuch an attempt, ſhe is ſo perſuaded——and even I——

THE. How!——How, Sir, can you-----

BAR. But hear me——the value which you put upon this roſe is very extraordinary -------unleſs Miſs Emily herſelf delivered it to you.

THE. O, Sir, I ſwear to you, I proteſt----

BAR. Very well, my dear, you do your duty——whether it be true or falſe, you can hold no other language, even with me. You owe to me the avowal of your ſentiments, but you muſt, by no means, preſume to divulge the ſecrets of Miſs Emily; I do not preſs you upon that head; on the contrary, I exhort you to act with the greateſt diſcretion.

THE. Now, Sir, I have told you all, your doubts drive me to deſpair————Confounded roſe, I'll throw it into the fire!——Ah! I aſſure you, Miſs Emily is very far from ſhewing any preference in my favour; ſhe does not even chooſe to dance with me, and ſays I always marr the country-dances ————and when ſhe is my partner, ſhe no longer ſkips about, ſhe only walks——— I ſwear to you, Sir, this is the manner in which ſhe behaves to me; and if you was to write all this to my aunt————

BAR. It is very certain, that till this unlucky affair Miſs Emily has always ſhewn the greateſt modeſty and reſerve----I could never have ſuſpected her of coquetry————

THE. O, dear Sir, ſhe is incapable of it, and 'tis for that reaſon I love her——If ſhe had not ſuch a gentle prudent manner———

BAR. Very well, Theodore, ſince you really love her, endeavour to acquire thoſe qualities by which ſhe has captivated you, and that will be the beſt method of gaining her

affections; you muſt no longer be wild and thoughtleſs; ſhe is well informed, and poſſeſſes uncommon talents: apply, ſtudy aſſiduouſly, and labour to render yourſelf worthy of her affections. I ſhall judge of your regard for her by the progreſs you make. Whim can only lead you aſtray, but a ſincere paſſion, founded on eſteem, muſt improve both the head and the heart.

THE. Sir, I hope you are ſatisfied about the roſe.

BAR. If I ſee your temper and conduct greatly improved, I ſhall be convinced that you have a ſincere affection for Miſs Emily; and I ſhall likewiſe be perſuaded of her perfect worth, for ſuch ſentiments cannot be inſpired by a coquet.

THE. Very well, Sir, you ſhall ſee; you ſhall be ſatisfied; I will apply with all my might.

SCENE V.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, THEODORE, RICHARD.

RICH. holding letters. [To the Baron.] Sir, here are ſome letters, which have been juſt now brought.

BAR. Very well. [Richard goes out, the Baron opens the letters.] They are apologies.

THE. For the ball this evening?

BAR. Yes———

THE. [with anxiety.] Well, Sir——

MEL. [laughing.] This is teazing.

THE. Sir ———

BAR. Don't be uneaſy, there is none from Miſs Emily.

THE. Sir, perhaps Sir George Warwick is one of thoſe that has ſent an excuſe.

BAR. No, there is none from him; ſurely you would be very ſorry if he failed.

THE. No, not very ſorry!———

BAR. Why ſo? you were greatly attached to each other formerly.

THE. But we are not ſo now.

BAR. And what is the reaſon of this change.

THE. He is not polite; eſpecially at a ball.———In ſhort, I would rather he did not come this evening.

MEL. Yet he dances well, and I'll lay a wager, that he has never been accuſed of having marred the country dances.

THE. Therefore he would dance perpetually———and———

BAR. And———go on, Theodore.

MEL. And, as Miſs Emily is an excellent dancer, I ſuppoſe he has frequently taken her for his partner.

BAR. And, Theodore, is that the reaſon of your coolneſs to Sir George Warwick?

THE. But———it is in part.

BAR. Ah hah! you are jealous, then?

THE. But, Sir,———ſhe ſkips about with him!———

BAR. I own that is very provoking for you; but inſtead of pouting, which is unreaſonable, and makes you leſs agreeable, why don't you endeavour to dance better, and then ſhe would ſkip about with you as well as with another.

THE. Sir, I have applied cloſely to dancing theſe eight days.

BAR. I know it, and I have been told that you neglect your ſtudies for dancing, which undoubtedly proceeds from your deſire to pleaſe Miſs Emily;----perhaps you are certain that to become an excellent dancer is the only

way to gain her heart; in that caſe I ſhould greatly pity you, if you could be in love with one of ſuch a trifling contemptible character.

THE. O, I do not think ſo of her, ſhe is too reaſonable.———

BAR. Your jealouſy then is void of common ſenſe.----Are you offended with me when I do not take you for my partner at whiſt---- do you conclude from thence that I do not love you?

THE. No, Sir, I know it is becauſe I can't play well enough ———

BAR. Very well; is it not the ſame thing when Miſs Emily prefers a good dancer to you for her partner at a ball?----If you ſuppoſe that ſhe may be gained by that trivial accompliſhment, you can have no ſolid eſteem for her; and if you have no apprehenſions on that ſcore, your jealouſy can only proceed from a vanity which is equally mean, unjuſt, and ridiculous; or rather you pretend to be jealous when you are only envious:——— though this is a very common miſtake, nothing but your time of life can make it excuſable.

THE. But, Sir, is there any caſe in which jealouſy is not to be condemned?

BAR. I know of none. If you have had no promiſes made to you, and you think that a rival is to be dreaded, endeavour to ſhew that you are more amiable, and what is ſtill better, more virtuous than that rival;

and do not deſtroy your hopes by caprice and complaints, which would be both unjuſt and erroneous. If you find that you are ill treated, diſdain for ſuch conduct ought to cure you of your paſſion; but jealouſy is only a ſhameful blunder both of the head and heart. Whatever name may be given to ſuſpicion, it is always the vice of little minds and defective underſtandings; it inſults and annihilates friendſhip: ought it not then to offend in a ſtill greater degree, a more delicate and tender ſentiment? Suſpicion diſgraces the heart, and pollutes its purity;——in general, people may be ſuppoſed capable of that perfidy which they think they perceive; and in ſhort, to find it poſſible is an indirect way of accuſing one's ſelf.

SCENE VI.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, THEODORE, RICHARD.

RICH. [to the Baron.] Sir, the muſicians are come, ſhall the Saloon be lighted?

BAR. Yes, I am juſt going there: come, Mr. Melmouth.

MEL. I'll follow you, Sir.

[The Baron and Richard go out.

SCENE VII.

MELMOUTH, THEODORE.

THE. One moment, if you pleaſe, Mr. Melmouth.——Pray what o'clock is it?

MEL. Juſt four.

THE. The ball don't begin this hour; we have time till then to do ſomething.

MEL. Will you take a leſſon on the uſe of the globes?

THE. With all my heart. I will loſe no more time, Mr. Melmouth. I promiſe you, you ſhall no longer have cauſe to complain of me. Come, let us go to my chamber.

MEL. Moſt willingly; come along.

[They go out.

[Before the Second Act begins, ſome of the ſervants bring ſeveral ſwords, and lay them upon the canopy.]

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The BARON, MELMOUTH.

BARON.

IT is exceſſively hot within—let us ſtay here a little.

MEL. It is a charming ball.

BAR. The ingenuous gaiety of children is ſo delightful. The ſprightly ſincere joy with which theſe young folks are animated, is a ſight truly agreeable and affecting; how candour and innocence, which is painted on their faces, adorn every feature! But alas, in a few years, theſe beings, at preſent ſo pure and happy, will mix in the world, and perhaps run aſtray beyond all poſſibility of recovery.———Ah, who can look upon a child

without ſome uneaſy apprehenſions, on thinking of the hazards to which he muſt be expoſed, and the artful ſnares that will be laid for him!

MEL. With good inſtructions, they will learn to know, and to avoid them. None but bad fathers have reaſon to be afraid of looking forward; they will undoubtedly find, in the vices of their children, the juſt puniſhment of their criminal negligence; but you have no grounds for ſuch dreadful apprehenſions; I dare anſwer for your enjoying the ſweets of all your tender cares, and your deareſt hopes are too well founded, not to be realized.

BAR. It is to you that I owe the greateſt ſhare of this invaluable happineſs! When I ſhall ſee my ſon reaſonable and virtuous, diſtinguiſhing himſelf by the excellence of his conduct, you may believe that the joy with which my heart muſt be filled, will every moment recall to my mind what you have done both for him and for me; every occaſion of ſatisfaction that he ſhall give me, muſt, in the ſame moment, make me think of you with the moſt tender and grateful ſentiments: in ſhort, the happineſs of my life, which muſt be the work of your hands, muſt likewiſe be the dear and ſacred tie which will unite us all three.

MEL. I have done nothing but my duty, and who, in my place, but would have diſcharged it as I have? Is there any one, who

would not have been ſtruck with that ſincere and affectionate paternal love which I have witneſſed, and with that entire confidence, of which I have received ſuch convincing proofs! I have never met with the leaſt oppoſition; your diſcourſe and example, ſo far from obſtructing my endeavours, lead them to perfection; in ſhort, by admitting me to your friendſhip, you have inſpired me with the ſentiments of a father for your ſon. Beſides, that ſon has the happieſt diſpoſition, his ſoul is generous and feeling, he has judgment and candour, and I dread nothing but his vivacity, which is, indeed, exceſſive; but we muſt employ all our care to preſerve it in moderation.

BAR. What chiefly gives me a good opinion of his heart and underſtanding is, his being ſenſible that he has need of advice; he is deſirous of it, he aſks for it, and liſtens to it with eagerneſs.

MEL. This is, becauſe it is given with reaſon and with tenderneſs, and that you preſcribe nothing for him but what you practiſe yourſelf:—a leſſon belied by example, can only ſhew a ridiculous pedantry.

BAR. But we forget where we are; let us return to the ball; let us ſee what Theodore is doing, and if he has had the happineſs to dance with Miſs Emily.

MEL. He was greatly diſturbed juſt now, becauſe Miſs Emily was engaged on entering the Saloon; ſomebody had applied to her in paſſing along the gallery.

BAR. Was it Sir George Warwick?

MEL. Happily it was not, for in that caſe, Theodore would have found it difficult to contain himſelf.

SCENE II.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, RICHARD.

RICH. [to the Baron.] Sir, there are more ladies come.

BAR. Let us go.

[He goes out with Melmouth.

RICH. [alone.] It is comfortable here; 'tis exceſſively hot in the Saloon.——I am quite fatigued with ſerving cakes and ice creams.——Theſe children ſkip about, and eat ſo heartily!——it does one good to ſee them——But what the plague is the matter with Maſter Theodore, he has not even taſted a tart——O, here he is; how comes this?

SCENE III.

THEODORE, RICHARD.

RICH. What is the matter, Sir? have you left the ball already?

THE. I came here to reſt a little.

RICH. You look vexed; you have not even once made your appearance at the ſideboard; I can ſee you are out of humour with ſomething.

THE. What a thought———

RICH. O I know you——I'll lay a wager that Miſs Emily is engaged for three or four country dances at leaſt, ſince you are here.

THE. Pray keep your conjectures to yourſelf; for, really, they have not common ſenſe. ———I have no more deſire to dance with Miſs Emily, than with any other, and your conceptions upon that ſubject are exceſſively ridiculous.

RICH. Hah, hah! this is news indeed—ſo the Coſack——and the pine-apple ice, and the roſe, and the verſes, and all the half-expreſſed confidence which you placed in me this morning;——you have forgot all theſe things.

THE. I was only in jeſt——you took it all for goſpel——but that was not my fault. All that I ſaid in the morning was meer raillery. ——That roſe which I ſhewed you never did belong to Miſs Emily——but you was impatient to judge, to romance, and to ſpread your fooliſh interpretations.—I declare to you, I am exceſſively ſhocked at it——

RICH. I ſee it plainly. But, Sir, I did not attempt to interpret——I innocently believed what you ſaid, and did not imagine that you was capable of telling a falſhood——that is all, Sir.

THE. You believed——you believed——I flatter myſelf, however, you do not believe that I am a liar.

RICH. For God's ſake, gently Sir: you either did not ſpeak the truth this morning, or you deny it at preſent.

THE. I deny it!——Where did you learn ſuch language? I ſhall loſe all patience.

RICH. Good God! have patience, I pray you; why in ſuch a paſſion? Upon my faith, I don't underſtand this; it is very true, that lovers never liſten to reaſon.

THE. Such inſolence——

RICH. Your love is very whimſical and diſcontented, however.

THE. You had better have done, Richard; you go too far——

RICH. I beg your pardon, Sir, I have no ſuch intention; you know how I am attached to you; I have been ſo from your birth; and

till this moment, you have always behaved to me unexceptionably well; and truly, I do not deſerve ſuch harſh expreſſions as you make uſe of.———I no longer know you. What is the matter with you? I am quite bewildered.

THE. Why, it is becauſe I can't ſuffer that you ſhould get ſuch whims into your head —— and that you ſhould call me a lover——

RICH. Very well; and does not your being in a paſſion, confirm me in that opinion? This morning you talked and prated of your love; and I laughed, and ſaid to myſelf, here's a young lover, indeed, but that will be ſoon over; but now it is quite another thing. What the plague is all this! You are become ſerious and diſcreet; now you are in for it, I am certain.

THE. I own I am quite diſtracted—your infatuation is inconceivable——what makes you imagine that I am in a paſſion?——You make me loſe all patience; but as to paſſion, I have not even the appearance of being in a paſſion.

RICH. You are now only diſcreet, henceforth you will become prudent; that will teach you, Sir, not to ſet out with paſſion and rudeneſs towards thoſe whom you want to deceive.

THE. But I believe, my dear Richard—I ſaid nothing very provoking to you—— I have always kept my temper———I aſſure you.

RICH. Ah, when you ſpeak in this manner, you make me believe whatever you pleaſe. But now, come, lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, you don't love Miſs Emily better than another.

THE. Really I don't——it was only banter—no truly———

RICH. [aſide.] The little traitor, how he bluſhes—[aloud.] Come, I believe you.---- This makes me perfectly ſatisfied.

THE. Why ſo?

RICH. Why, becauſe between you and I, I did not think Miſs Emily handſome enough to make you fall violently in love. For my part, I don't think her at all handſome.

THE. But do you ſee the leaſt fault in her figure?

RICH. I have not taken much notice.

THE. Certainly, you have not ſeen her, and I'll lay a wager you have miſtaken ſome other perſon for her.

RICH. O yes, to be ſure, Miſs Emily, the daughter of my Lord Seymour. I have ſeen her twenty times at your aunt's, at her little Monday concerts. Is not ſhe fair?

THE. Yes.

RICH. She has large blue eyes, with brown eye-brows———

THE. And black eye-laſhes; charming hair, dreſſed always in admirable taſte; ſhe has a beautiful little noſe———and a complexion———the fineſt complexion in the world——

RICH. To be ſure, ſhe is not ill made; her manner is well enough.

THE. O her ſhape is incomparable.

RICH. She plays a little on the harpſichord, and the harp; and, for my part, I think rather aukwardly.

THE. O heavens! ſhe plays like an angel, and with ſuch grace!

RICH. Is ſhe not a little of a dauber, likewiſe?----I think I have been told that ſhe draws————

THE. And in the greateſt perfection; and ſhe paints in a moſt aſtoniſhing manner: ſhe is miſtreſs of every accompliſhment, and, with all this, ſuch ſweetneſs and modeſty——

RICH. Yes, ſhe has a pleaſing gentle manner; I don't believe ſhe has any malice in her ————ſhe has a hawk noſe.

THE. A hawk noſe——was the like ever heard——a hawk noſe; a little noſe, ſo delicately formed!---a noſe---ſuch as never was ſeen.

RICH. As for my part, to tell you the truth, I am very indifferent about noſes, and do not much notice them. But, in ſhort, I plainly ſee that you are not ſo tainted with the love of Miſs Emily, at preſent, as I imagined; ---you have quite undeceived me:————But I hear ſomebody coming: O, it is your father; I muſt return to the ſideboard. [Aſide as he goes out.] The droll boy,---what a droll boy!

THE. I believe he is making game of me ————but how then can I convince him?

SCENE IV.

The BARON, THEODORE.

BAR. What are you doing here, Theodore? why are you not at the ball?

THE. Sir, I am juſt going there.

BAR. But why did you leave it? ſpeak truly, no evaſions, my dear child, you promiſed me.

THE. Sir, I own to you——it is—becauſe I am a little out of humour.

BAR. And for what?

THE. But———I have only danced one dance, and that has vexed me.

BAR. And why did you not dance more? who hindered you?

THE. I could not——She is always engaged.

BAR. She——Miſs Emily, is it not? But is ſhe the only partner? Why did you not dance with another. It is neither polite nor prudent to engage always the ſame perſon.—Theodore, the man cannot hope to pleaſe the woman he loves, if he is deficient in civility to the reſt. I am ſure Miſs Emily imagines, from your behaviour, that in general you are ignorant of what is due to the ſex, and of

courſe, muſt certainly think you a ruſtic, without either ſpirit or delicacy.

THE. It is, Sir, becauſe I have no turn for gallantry.

BAR. So much the better, that is what I wiſh; the gallantry to which you allude, is only a jargon exceſſively inſipid for him that uſes it, and ſhocking to the woman to whom it is addreſſed. Happily it is no longer the faſhion;———the women formerly were fond of ridiculous exaggerated praiſe, but now-a-days they are too delicate, and too well inſtructed to be ſeduced by ſuch low, empty flattery. Their vanity, now they are better informed, has made the art of praiſing, and the means of pleaſing them, more difficult; but what is ſtill more eſtimable, it is only by attention, reſerve and reſpect, that they are to be flattered, and by ſenſe and virtue that they can be gained. Thus you ſee, that a high value ſhould be placed on their opinion, and a ſtill greater in the happineſs of gaining their eſteem.——But, Theodore, return to the ball, for I muſt tell you, that Miſs Emily is very ſoon to dance the Coſack; ſhe has juſt been called.

THE. She engaged to dance it with me.

BAR. Go then, don't make her wait. Make haſte.

THE. Yes, Sir. [He runs out.

SCENE V.

The BARON alone, [after a ſhort ſilence.]

He knows not what vexation awaits him; the Coſack is already danced, and with Sir George. How he will be enraged, when he hears this dreadful news! had I followed him, it would have conſtrained his firſt emotions———and I want to know what lengths he will go.———Poor Theodore, what muſt be his vexation at this moment! Alas, to become acquainted with trouble and agitation, at ſo early a period of life! Even I, notwithſtanding my reaſon, cannot help ſharing his infant ſorrow———I feel myſelf affected;———how ſhall I be then, when I ſee his heart torn with deep and real anguiſh.——Mr. Melmouth don't come.——O, here he is.

SCENE VI.

The BARON, MELMOUTH.

BAR. Well, Mr. Melmouth, how has Theodore conducted himſelf?

MEL. He is furious, quite beſide himſelf. —He arrived juſt as the Coſack was finiſhed. I was concealed in one of the windows, ſo that he did not perceive me; but there were only two objects in the room viſible to him, Miſs Emily and Sir George Warwick. Miſs Emily came to him, to tell him that ſhe had waited for him a conſiderable time, and at laſt was ordered by her Mama to dance the Coſack with Sir George. The unhappy Theodore made no reply; he turned pale, then reddened, and I believe was afraid to ſpeak, leſt the tears ſhould choak his utterance. He haſtily withdrew, and paſſed by, without obſerving me; and about a couple of paces from me, met Sir George, to whom I heard him diſtinctly ſay, in a half whiſper, that he deſired to ſpeak with him a moment, in this apartment.

BAR. What does he propoſe to do?

MEL. I pray you, hear me to the end. His manner, and the alteration of his voice,

greatly ſurpriſed Sir George, who deſired an explanation, which was declined by Theodore; however, it was at laſt agreed, that Sir George ſhould dance another country-dance, becauſe his partner expected him, and then they ſhould come hither. After hearing this, I immediately left the Saloon, to come and acquaint you; but I had the precaution to tell Richard, to let us know when our young gentlemen leave the ball-room.

BAR. What impetuoſity! what violence in this boy's temper! Into what errors may he not fall, if he does not acquire the abſolute government of himſelf! Paſſion and weakneſs are the dangerous ſources of the moſt blameable exceſſes and diſorders.——But let us ſee how this will terminate, and how he will conduct himſelf.

MEL. What is your deſign, Sir?

BAR. To let them come here, and to conceal ourſelves in that cloſet, from whence we may plainly hear their diſcourſe.

MEL. It is plain that Theodore means to fight.

BAR. We muſt leave him to explain himſelf with Sir George: I am very deſirous to hear the explanation. After all that I have ſaid to him this day, can it be poſſible that he will be ſo imprudent as to avow the cauſe of his reſentment, and after a quarter of an hour's reflection, dare to expoſe the object of his love!——

MEL. The proof you propoſe to make is

exceedingly delicate; I beg you to reflect a little.

BAR. I feel it as you do; it troubles and perplexes me; but it may let me into my ſon's real character, and I therefore ought to make the trial——I ſhall know, by this interview, if he truly poſſeſſes in his ſoul the ſeeds of courage and generoſity.

MEL. I beg you will call to mind a reflection, which has often afforded great conſolation both to you and to me, the juſtice of which we are amply convinced of, by daily experience. It is, that in general, in judging of children, we ought to draw poſitive concluſions only from their apparent virtues, and not from their imperfections. Man is more weak than wicked, and evil is more foreign, more oppoſite to his nature, than can be imagined. Virtue eaſily takes deep root in his mind, while vice never makes any but ſuperficial impreſſions, and that by ſlow degrees: in ſhort, I am convinced, that it is much eaſier to recover a young heart, that has gone aſtray, than to corrupt a heart of virtue and ſenſibility.

BAR. I am perfectly of your opinion, my dear Melmouth; but, however, if my ſon does not act properly upon this occaſion, he will pierce me to the very ſoul——I hear ſomebody coming——

MEL. Ah, dear Sir, I beg you will renounce your project.

BAR. Indeed I cannot.

MEL. It is Richard.

RICH. [entering in a hurry.] The country dance is done——They are coming.

BAR. Richard, when they come hither, you muſt leave them alone—Come, let us conceal ourſelves————

MEL. You tremble, Sir.

BAR. I own it.——I ſhould bluſh in preſence of any one but you; but, my friend, you know how my ſoul is wrapt up in this boy!————

MEL. You are in tears!—Ah! Sir. [They embrace, and remain ſome time in ſilence.]

BAR. You alone can excuſe this weakneſs.

MEL. You may believe that I ſhare it; I am affected as well as you, Sir.

RICH. I hear them coming.

BAR. Come, my dear Melmouth. Richard, if they aſk where I am, you may tell them I am juſt gone from hence——Come, come along. [They go into the cloſet.]

RICH. [alone.] How my maſter is affected; I obſerve him ſo very often!——A good father, an excellent maſter, a worthy man.—I would moſt willingly ſerve him for nothing. Ha, here comes Maſter Theodore.

SCENE VII.

SIR GEORGE WARWICK, THEODORE, RICHARD.

THE. Richard, leave us, we want to be by ourſelves a moment. If my Father, or Mr. Melmouth, aſk for me, tell them we are practiſing the figure of a country-dance, which we are going to dance preſently, and take care that nobody comes to interrupt us, for we ſhall lock the door; however, we ſhan't be long.

RICH. How is this, only you two, and no fiddle?

SIR. G. The fiddle is coming; leave us by ourſelves.

RICH. Well, amuſe yourſelves.

[He goes out.]

SCENE VIII.

SIR GEORGE, THEODORE.

THE. But firſt let me faſten the door.
[He goes to it.

SIR G. Poor Theodore, I think, has turned fool. [Theodore, having locked the door, takes two ſwords from the canopy.]

SIR G. What are you looking for there, Theodore?

THE. For your ſword and mine, which muſt be here.

SIR G. So, Theodore, you intend to fight then?

THE. [holding two ſwords.] There is your ſword———

SIR G. [taking his ſword.] Very well, tell me what I have done, for really I don't know?

THE. In my firſt emotions I propoſed to you to come here, and you muſt have underſtood that it was to demand the reaſon of your behaviour. But now that I have had time to reflect, the dread of giving uneaſineſs to my father comes into my mind, and if you will make an apology, I will be ſatisfied without fighting.

Sir G. How, an apology!———and for what ſhould I make an apology?

The. I muſt either receive an apology or fight, I know that; ſo take your meaſures accordingly. Your apology, or let us begin.

Sir G. If apologies are to be made, I have greater reaſon to demand an apology than you; you, Sir, are the aggreſſor.

The. And 'tis you are to blame.

Sir G. To blame! and for what?

The. I have been told that you have ſpoken of me in a certain manner——which I cannot put up with———.

Sir G. It is falſe——Let me know the name of the perſon who has invented the falſhood, 'tis with him I ought to fight.

The. I ſhall mention no names, I have given my word of honour.

Sir G. O, very well; I believe that is not true, and is only a pretence you have juſt thought of.

The. How, Sir, do you give me the lye? Come, come, if you pleaſe to defend yourſelf.

Sir G. I know very well the reaſon of your anger; it is becauſe you are jealous of Miſs Emily, and vexed at not having danced the Coſack with her——

The. Sir, you gueſs very wrong, and your opinion is a matter of great indifference to me; but I would have you to know, it is even void of common ſenſe. Learn then, that though I have the greateſt reſpect for Miſs Emily, ſhe is by no means the object of my choice; and in a word, I love another.

SIR G. Since when pray?

THE. O all along—more than ſix weeks before I became acquainted with Miſs Emily. But let us have done with this diſcourſe; I beg, Sir, to hear no more of it.

SIR G. Sir, I am ſtronger and likewiſe older than you, and I neither will nor ought to fight with a child.

THE. A child!——you are thirteen, and I am in my thirteenth year, ſo we are of an age. Once more, I ſay, Sir, let us have done; diſpatch, if you pleaſe.

SIR G. My ſword is larger and better than yours————

THE. If you decline any longer to fight, I ſhall ſuſpect you of ſeeking ſome idle pretence.

SIR G. I am as well diſpoſed at preſent to fight as you are, but I will not take any advantage; let us change ſwords, and I will fight immediately.

THE. Since you believe mine is not ſo good, for that reaſon I ought to keep it.

SIR G. I have already the advantage of being ſtronger than you————

THE. And I have ſuperior addreſs; I can fence better than you.—Come, Sir, defend yourſelf.

SIR G. One moment. [Sir George ruſhes upon Theodore, and ſnatches the ſword out of his hand, and throws him his own.]

THE. O, heavens! what do you mean?

SIR G. Take my ſword; I have yours; now I am ready for you.

THE. I won't take your ſword; give me my own.——Do you mean to inſult me by keeping it?

SIR G. Take up that ſword, let's have done; come, defend yourſelf.

THE. I won't fight but with equal arms, and if you are a man of honour you will not attack me, nor oblige me to fight in an unworthy manner.—Stop a moment, a thought ſtrikes me; all the ſwords of the dancers are upon that canopy, and I will chooſe one of them, that ſhall be equal to yours———

SIR G. I have no objection.

THE. Come, let us make haſte. [They go to the canopy, and meaſuring the ſwords, find one equal to Sir George's.] This is juſt the fellow to it. Now, Sir, let us loſe no more time.

SIR G. With all my heart.

[They ſtand upon their guard, and at that inſtant the cloſet door opens, and diſcovers the Baron and Melmouth.]

SCENE IX.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, SIR GEORGE, THEODORE.

THE. O, heavens——my father!

BAR. [placing himſelf between them.] Theodore, and you my dear Sir George, will you accept of me as arbitrator?————

SIR G. O, I aſk no better————

MEL. And what do you ſay, Theodore?

THE. I wait my father's commands; I am all ſubmiſſion.

BAR. Well then, ſince you accept of me as judge, I muſt pronounce ſentence. I declare that my ſon is entirely to blame, and I flatter myſelf that he is ſenſible of it at this moment, and wiſhes for ſome means of making an atonement for his imprudence, his paſſion and injuſtice.

THE. Yes, Sir, I acknowledge my fault; I pray you pardon me, and inform me how I can make a proper apology to Sir George.

BAR. No no, I ſhall not dictate; recollect only that you gave the offence, that you loved him formerly, and tell him what are really the feelings of your heart.

THE. If I durſt, I would go and embrace him.

SIR G. [going to him.] Come, my friend. [They run into each other's arms, embracing for ſome time.]

MEL. Charming youths!———

BAR. Now, Theodore, come and receive my pardon, [He reaches out his hand, which Theodore kiſſes] for you have wrung my heart cruelly; you promiſed to place entire confidence in me, and yet you reſolved to fight without acquainting me, or conſulting me!———Even convinced that your reſentment was both capricious and unjuſt, the certainty of afflicting me mortally, could not reſtrain you.———But all is forgotten, and I flatter myſelf with the hopes, that this adventure will convince you, how much you ought to miſtruſt the firſt emotions of your heart, and that from henceforth you will aſſiduouſly endeavour to moderate the impetuoſity of your temper.———

THE. Yes, Sir, you may depend upon it, that in future I will do nothing without your advice.———You are ſo good and ſo juſt, that I muſt be very ungrateful indeed, if I have the leaſt reluctance in confiding in you. When I find myſelf in danger of committing a raſh action, I will inſtantly come and acquaint you, and you ſhall find no difficulty in diſſuading me; for, I aſſure you, when I liſten to you, I am almoſt as reaſonable as yourſelf.

BAR. Now, my boys, return to the ball. I beg of you, my dear Sir George, not to mention this little adventure, for it will expoſe both of you to ridicule; your duel will prove, that you have not that good ſenſe, which might be expected, even at your age; you have neither ſtrength, nor ſufficient addreſs for fighting; your bodies are weak, your principles are yet uncertain; your notions of the point of honour muſt be imperfect; ſo that fighting, at your age, is no proof of valour; what you attempted, only ſhews your ignorance of thoſe qualities you ought to poſſeſs: in ſhort, the only courage in a child which promiſes well in future, is to ſuffer pain and diſeaſe with patience, and without complaining; but more eſpecially in knowing how to maſter his idle fancies, keep his reſolutions, and correct his faults. Bravery, unleſs founded on an abſolute government of ourſelves, is but a blind, and frequently a dangerous, inſtinct; but true courage ſprings from the ſoul, and, ſteady as undaunted, can alone lead to glory, forming at once the hero and the ſage. Theodore, it is late, we will reſume this ſubject another time: go, my children, return to the ball; I ſhall very ſoon follow you.

SIR G. Sir, will you allow me to aſk you one queſtion? You were in the cloſet, did you hear what was ſaid?

BAR. Yes, I did ———

SIR G. Well, ſince you know what I ſaid about Miſs Emily, I may now ſpeak to you of her, and 'tis to beg the favour of you to aſk, that the Coſack may be danced again, that Theodore may likewiſe dance it.

THE. No, indeed; I have no deſire to dance it, I aſſure you.

SIR G. Then dance it to pleaſe me.

BAR. Theodore will be ſo obliging; go, my friends, and I will follow you inſtantly.

THE. Come, Sir George.

SIR G. Come, my dear Theodore, and I beg of you let us never quarrel again.

[They take hold of each other's arm, and go out.]

SCENE X.

The BARON, MELMOUTH.

BAR. Well, Mr. Melmouth, are you ſorry now, that I made the experiment?

MEL. You are a happy father, and you well deſerve it. I cannot expreſs the pleaſure I had in looking at you while we were in the cloſet; what joy, what ſatisfaction ſparkled in your countenance, during the quarrel of theſe two amiable children. How affecting, yet how pleaſing to contemplate the expreſſive emotions, to be ſeen in the countenance of a delighted father! Yes, it is to witneſs the moſt perfect, the pureſt picture of happineſs this world affords.

BAR. But let us talk of the children; ſpeak of them, my dear Melmouth. What courage, generoſity, delicacy, in ſhort, what a number of admirable qualities did they ſhew in the ſpace of half an hour!——My ſon——he has a noble and feeling heart———That dread of afflicting me in the midſt of his paſſion and reſentment.——You muſt recollect the manner in which he ſpoke, when he was willing to decline fighting, leſt it ſhould diſtreſs me?

MEL. You may be ſure no part of it eſcaped me.

BAR. You will allow then, that my tenderneſs is not miſplaced.——But, my dear Melmouth, if I am ever blinded by this bewitching tenderneſs, I conjure you to let me know it. Alas! it is only for the ſake of this dear child, that I dread my own frailty. ——I beg you will preſerve me from the terrible misfortune of ſpoiling your work and my own, by a blameable weakneſs.

MEL. No, Sir, that work cannot fail to be perfected; he will be the delight and glory of your life, you may depend upon it.

BAR. I burn with impatience to ſee Sir George's father, that I may recount to him this charming adventure. He is at the ball, let us go and find him.

MEL. I beg that I may be preſent at the converſation. But, firſt, let us have the Coſack danced, for the ſake of our dear Theodore.

BAR. O, that is but reaſonable. Come, my friend, [They go out.

THE END.

THE

TRAVELLER.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE PERSONS.

The MARQUIS of MELVILLE.

The VISCOUNT MELVILLE, his Son.

BARON KENT.

SIR JOHN, the Baron's Son.

DORMER, Viſcount Melville's Tutor.

PHILIP, Viſcount Melville's Servant.

RUSSEL, Baron Kent's Servant.

The Scene is at the Baron's Houſe, in the Country.

THE TRAVELLER.

A COMEDY.

Travel is really the laſt ſtep to be taken in the inſtitution of youth; and to ſet out with it, is to begin where they ſhould end.

SPECTATOR, Vol. v.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Scene repreſents a Saloon.

RUSSEL, PHILIP.

PHILIP.

I AM overjoyed, my dear Ruſſel, to ſee you in ſuch good health. After a couple of years

travelling, one is ſo glad to meet with an old friend. We have been here theſe three days, and the firſt thing I did on diſmounting in the court yard, was to enquire after you; and to my great mortification I heard you was gone to Paris.

Rus. Yes, my maſter ſent me to execute ſome commiſſions, which took more time than we imagined.

Phi. So you are but juſt returned?

Rus. Only this inſtant; and as my maſter is out a hunting, we have plenty of time to chat till he comes home.

Phi. With all my heart; you have met with your man; and by Jove you will find, whether travelling ſupples the tongue or not. Though I naturally love talking, I am improved however, ſince I ſaw you. But you muſt hear my young maſter; O, how his tongue runs—to a ſingle queſtion, without the leaſt heſitation, he will give twenty anſwers.—Liſten who will, it is all one to him, he goes on full gallop---- The people of every country where we have been, were aſtoniſhed;---Swiſs, Italians, Sicilians, Engliſh, Dutch, he ſilenced every man of them. Ah! he is a brave youth; I promiſe you he is compleat;----and though he is but eighteen, there is not a romancer of forty that can keep pace with him for half an hour.

Rus. What the devil! he went to foreign countries to ſeek inſtruction; ſure if he was

always talking, that was not the way to improve.

PHI. What do you mean by inſtruction; we were inſtructed before we ſet out; do aſk our tutor Mr. Dormer—It was we, my boy, that inſtructed theſe poor ſimple foreigners, who never would have known one word of our cuſtoms if my maſter had not taken the trouble to inform them. We talked of nothing but Paris, the French comedy, the women of the ton, the wits, the ſuppers, the balls, in ſhort, all the faſhionable world; in one word, it was always Paris or Verſailles; we never went farther———

RUS. Very well; and now that you are returned, perhaps we ſhan't get a word from you but about Swiſſerland or Italy.

PHI. Preciſely; you have gueſſed it; it is for that purpoſe young people travel.

RUS. Upon my faith, Philip, from what you have told me of your maſter, I very much doubt if he will pleaſe mine. The Baron is a good country gentleman, who has always lived upon his eſtate; and who thinks the ſtrongeſt recommendation of a young man is to be modeſt and unaffected———

PHI. Old faſhioned ideas, my friend; we ſhall correct them———

RUS. O, I doubt that mightily; I promiſe you he knows what he is about; with his plain manner he can ſee pretty well into things; beſides, he has not underſtood how to educate his ſon without making him ſcamper over the face

of the earth—What do you think; is not Sir John Kent as good as another?

PHI. Yes, he is a fine youth enough—rather a little ſimple or ſo.

RUS. Simple yourſelf. What put that in your head? He has ſo much ſenſe and goodneſs of heart.—He ſtudies, he reads all day long; he is highly accompliſhed, yet thinks he knows nothing.

PHI. You call that modeſty; and with us travellers, as my maſter ſays, it is perfect folly and abſurdity. But, my dear Ruſſel, let us talk of things of more importance: you know that we came here on purpoſe to marry the Baron's daughter; why then has ſhe not quitted the convent? why is ſhe ſtill at Paris?

RUS. The reaſon is, becauſe the Baron chooſes to have a perſonal knowledge of his intended ſon-in-law; and to ſtudy his character before he conſents to give him his daughter———

PHI. But this marriage has been agreed upon a long time, even before our departure: your maſter and my maſter's father are old friends, their fortunes ſuitable, and——

RUS. That is all very true; but the Baron only engaged conditionally, and expreſsly ſtipulated that your young maſter, the Viſcount Melville, ſhould, on his return from his travels, paſs ſome time with him, that he might judge whether he would be a proper match for his daughter.

PHI. And the Marquis of Melville does not think it poſſible for any one to ſee his ſon without aſtoniſhment and admiration.

RUS. Very well; is the Baron of the ſame opinion? what does he ſay of your maſter?

PHI. Nothing as yet.—The firſt day was ſpent in compliments, embraces, and private converſations between my maſter and his father. They were all yeſterday afternoon employed in fiſhing, and this morning at the chace, ſo that the Viſcount has had no opportunity to diſplay his eloquence; but let him alone, he will make up his loſt time.

RUS. Prithee tell me; has he really a great deſire to marry Angelica?

PHI. Yes—ſhe is rich and handſome; the marriage pleaſes him much; and he is determined, as ſoon as Angelica ſhall be his wife, to ſacrifice a certain picture to her——

RUS. O, I underſtand you—it is the picture of ſome lady with whom he was in love.

PHI. By no means; it is a copy of the Saint Cecilia, in the capitol at Rome: but now that we are in France, we give the name of a great Neapolitan lady to this head; and I promiſe you it is not the firſt miniature, that has been brought from a diſtant country under a borrowed name.

RUS. How! does he make no ſcruple of telling ſuch falſhoods?

PHI. Scruples indeed! there are none at which folly will ſtartle.——But tell me, in

your turn, is Angelica very desirous to be married?

Ros. O, she has no will, but the will of her father.

Phi. She has never seen my master, I believe?

Rus. She was educated in a convent in the country, till the death of her aunt the Abbess; and has been only eighteen months in Paris.

Phi. I think I hear somebody coming—— Russel, you are called———

Rus. 'Tis the Baron's voice———

Phi. Well, I go then; farewell, Russel

[He goes out.]

Rus. What a giddy head—Here comes my master.

SCENE II.

The BARON, RUSSEL.

BAR. Ruſſel---I have been in ſearch of you. Well, do you bring me any letters?

RUS. Yes, Sir, here are ſeveral——[He gives them to the Baron, who reads them while he waits.] There is one from Miſs Angelica; ſhe has written likewiſe to her brother.

BAR. Did you ſee my daughter? [He reads while Ruſſel anſwers.]

RUS. Yes, Sir, ſhe is grown tall and handſome; ſhe is really beautiful---I have brought you her picture; it is an excellent likeneſs---She choſe to be drawn in the character of Diana, becauſe her father loves hunting.

BAR. [puts his letters in his pocket.] Let me ſee this picture. [Ruſſel gives him a Snuff-box.] It is really a ſtriking likeneſs.—Ruſſel, don't mention this picture to any one; I will ſhew it to Viſcount Melville, without letting him know that it was done for Angelica: I ſhall be very glad to ſee what impreſſion it makes upon him.

RUS. Now you mention the Viſcount, may I take the liberty to aſk when the marriage is to take place? ——

BAR. When!----that is more than I know;

we muſt ſee a little firſt.----The diſpoſition of the young man is not greatly to my taſte: he has too much ſelf-ſufficiency to have ſound judgment---but if his heart is good, that is the main thing.

RUS. I have been told he is vain of having travelled.

BAR. I foreſaw it, and told his father ſo: To travel with advantage, one muſt have attained the age of reaſon; but the Marquis had no deſire to comprehend this. He is a worthy man, but he has ſome ſtrange whims in his head; all theſe Philoſophers, as they call themſelves, are a ſet of troubleſome people. I prefer your plain ſenſe and mine, Ruſſel, to all their fine phraſes----Don't you know Viſcount Melville's valet-de-chambre?

RUS. I know him well, Sir.

BAR. I deſire you will employ all your addreſs in aſking him ſome queſtions about his maſter———

RUS. O, Sir, I have no occaſion to employ much dexterity; we have had a good hour's chat already.

BAR. Well, what did he ſay?

RUS. Upon my faith, Sir, I tell you beforehand, he talks very cavalierly.

BAR. Conceal nothing from me; I inſiſt upon it.

RUS. You will have it then?———

BAR. Huſh, I hear ſomebody coming. Go, wait for me in my cloſet; I will be with you in a moment.

RUS. Yes, Sir. [He goes out.]

BAR. The teſtimony of a ſervant againſt his maſter, ſcarcely deſerves attention; but, in an affair of ſuch importance, I ought to attend to all the world. Ha! here comes the Marquis.

SCENE III.

The BARON, the MARQUIS.

BAR. Well, my Lord, what have you done with our ſons?

MAR. My ſon is ſhut up in his chamber, writing letters, becauſe the poſt for Italy is to ſet out to-morrow. Well, Sir, let us talk a little about our affairs; but, firſt, tell me what you think of my ſon?

BAR. He is very well made, and were he dreſſed in the faſhion of his own country, he would be very handſome; but that great ſtock, which makes him look as if his neck was ſwelled, diſfigures him a little: beſides, could not he ride in the Engliſh taſte, without bending double upon the neck of his horſe as he does? He ſhould endeavour to get rid of theſe trifling affectations, which always give an unfavourable impreſſion of a young man's underſtanding.

MAR. As for underſtanding, I believe you

will not accuſe him of being deficient. I pray you get him into an argument, queſtion him about his travels; I am ſure he will aſtoniſh you. He has a lively imagination, fire, diſcernment—he has even depth, and a great deal of———

BAR. Diſcernment, depth, at eighteen!—Ah, my good friend, what an abuſe of language!

MAR. All I aſk is, to draw him into converſation, and ſuſpend your judgment till then. You alledged that it was a folly to ſend him ſo early to travel; he will bring nothing from foreign countries, ſaid you, but fopperies and pedantry, and not a ſingle valuable acquiſition: but, inſtead of that, he has examined every thing with that ardour of curioſity which is only to be found in a firſt-rate genius, and with an attention which has indelibly fixed in his memory every object that he has ſeen. He has brought from Italy, a paſſionate love of the arts, and talks of them in a manner that will ſurpriſe you. I beg of you to aſk him for the chapter in his journal, in which he treats of painting; upon my word it is a maſter-piece of taſte and eloquence.

BAR. A maſter-piece, I grant it may be; but, for my part, I ſhall not underſtand it; I have no reliſh for the arts, and in that reſpect, am exceſſively ignorant: I can only reaſon a little; but tho' I am unacquainted with the ſubject, I value it in others, and think it

a real happineſs to thoſe who poſſeſs it. You ſee that I have ſpared nothing in the education of my ſon; I have placed ſuch people about him as are capable of giving him the beſt inſtruction; and every year I ſend him to ſpend three months with my brother, in Paris, that he may be perfected in what he is learning, from the moſt eminent maſters, and likewiſe that he may ſee a little of the world. In ſhort, I repeat it to you, I have plain ſenſe enough to conceive the pleaſure and advantage of learning; but above all things I deteſt pedantry; that vice which is only the portion of the half-taught, and people of very indifferent abilities; were it accompanied with all the ſcience in the word, to me it would be ſtill unſupportable; but in youth eſpecially it ſeems a kind of monſter. Yes, a young pedant, is in my eyes the compleateſt object of ridicule that can exiſt.

MAR. I am entirely of your opinion on that head, and certainly you will find my ſon very far from being tainted with ſuch a fault. He is altogether unaffected; his converſation is frequently irregular and unconnected, yielding to a lively imagination, and to a ſoul full of force and energy. Beſides, he has an aſtoniſhing flow of eloquence, with a wonderful choice of expreſſion. But this abundance flows naturally from its ſource, without either affectation or ſtudy, and ſolely from the impulſe of that enthuſiaſm which he feels.

BAR. I don't underſtand a great deal of all this; but in ſhort, I propoſe to have a long converſation with him this very day. I own to you, that hitherto I have had no great reliſh for your young eloquent enthuſiaſts; but he may reconcile me to them; we ſhall ſee. In one word, if he has a good diſpoſition, I ſhall overlook every thing elſe.----But I muſt leave you; I have ſome little buſineſs to finiſh before dinner.

MAR. Now you talk of buſineſs, we have not yet ſettled the day of marriage.

BAR. We ſhall talk that matter over; don't let us be in a hurry.——O, I ſee your ſon's tutor; I ſuppoſe you will be glad to have a little converſation with him. I leave you. Adieu. [He goes out.]

MAR. This man's notions are too confined to be ſenſible of all my ſon's merit.

SCENE IV.

The MARQUIS, DORMER.

MAR. Mr. Dormer, what is my ſon about?

DOR. Philip tells me, that, fatigued with the chaſe, he has thrown himſelf upon the bed, and has been aſleep theſe two hours.

MAR. That can't be true, for I went to his chamber with him myſelf, and he told me he was going to ſhut himſelf up to write.

DOR. Well, my Lord, he has given you his journal; how do you like it?

MAR. I can't recover myſelf.———But ſay, truly, Mr. Dormer, have you not aſſiſted him?

DOR. Aſſiſted him, my Lord!———It is no exaggeration to ſay, that I am not capable, even after mature reflection, to write what he can do with a daſh of a pen. He has a felicity in writing which is truly wonderful; and his manner of ſeeing and judging, at his time of life, is inconceivable. Has he read to you his little ſketch of the manners and political ſtate of the people of England?

MAR. Yes.

DOR. Well———

MAR. Strange, incomprehenſible!——— I was ſtruck motionleſs, I own.

DOR. Yet he was but two months in England. He is an extraordinary genius; I aſſure you he knows men better than I do, who am twenty years older.

MAR. When he ſet out, I gave him one advice. My ſon, ſaid I, you are now ſixteen years of age; you have ſtudied to good purpoſe, your head is well ſtored; you muſt now form your character in the world, you will travel through different countries, and my advice is to attach yourſelf leſs to the ſtudy of things, than of men———

DOR. An admirable precept, very eſſential, and truly philoſophic———

MAR. Study men, men are the proper ſubjects of your attention; ſtudy men, ſaid I; that was my exhortation, and 'tis with pleaſure I ſee how he has profited———

DOR. I promiſe you he has faithfully followed your counſels; he has ſhewn a turn for obſervation on his travels, which has ſurpriſed every body.———The Venetian ambaſſador, ſpeaking of him one day, ſaid, that young man adds to the French vivacity, all the ſolid qualities of the Engliſh:———It was his character finely hit off.

MAR. I never heard of that ſtroke, it was charming. There is diſcernment, there is delicacy in that touch——— I pray you mention it to the Baron.

DOR. O, I can tell him of a thouſand

more ——————But, my Lord, do you imagine, that the Baron can very well reliſh them?

MAR. The Baron is a worthy man; he has even a kind of good ſenſe, a natural genius, but no force of mind, no philoſophy, no knowledge of the human heart; full of prejudices, with a cold imagination; ſuch is his picture in a few words.

DOR. And executed with the pencil of a Maſter.

MAR. Sometimes I can hit off a likeneſs ——Mr. Dormer, a ſound head, which has been making obſervations theſe forty years, ſhould be capable of ſome little penetration. ——But, to return to the Baron, I find that he has not that ſagacity which is neceſſary to ſee all the merits of my ſon; real genius, however, never fails to enchant and captivate, even thoſe who are the leaſt capable of judging; and I am certain the Baron cannot withſtand that irreſiſtible attraction.

DOR. Yes, but I am afraid that his ſon, Sir John, may endeavour to hurt the Viſcount.

MAR. That is very poſſible. The young man, ſeeing himſelf ſo terribly obſcured by the ſuperior merit of my ſon, it is to be ſuſpected, that his vanity, being humbled, may provoke him to jealouſy and averſion.

DOR. Has he any influence with his father?

MAR. A great deal: That little boy will never turn out any thing extraordinary; he is

gentle, pleaſing in his manners, but he has no thing brilliant; in a word, he is calculated to remain eternally rivetted among a ſet of obſcure people, of whom the world neither ſpeak good or ill. So much for calculating his nativity. However, the blindneſs of the Baron, reſpecting him, is incredible. I own to you the prejudices of fathers are inconceivable to me; they always aſtoniſh me; and of all ridiculous things, it is one of the moſt curious to be regarded philoſophically.——— But what does Ruſſel want?

Rus. [to the Marquis.] The Baron deſires to know, if it is agreeable to your Lordſhip to play a game at billiards before dinner?

Mar. With all my heart. Come, my dear Dormer. [They go out.]

Rus. [alone.] The Baron ſeems to me, to be a little diſguſted with his intended ſon-in-law. Upon my faith, I am not ſorry for it; for after Philip's account of him, and according to every appearance, the intended ſon-in-law is but a coxcomb——Somebody is coming; O, it is Sir John.

SCENE V.

SIR JOHN, RUSSEL.

Sir JOHN. Ruſſel, I want to ſpeak with you a moment.

RUS. What about, pray Sir?

Sir JOHN. My father has recounted to me all that you told him of the Viſcount, and he is much ſtruck with it, ſo that you have prejudiced him againſt this young man, whoſe follies have perhaps been exaggerated by his valet. In my opinion, Ruſſel, you ſhould have ſhewn more diſcretion in the account you gave.

RUS. Zooks, Sir, I ſaid nothing but the truth.

Sir JOHN. I am ſorry you are ſo ready to believe what is bad, but more ſo that you ſhould repeat it. My Father has deſired that you will ſtill queſtion Philip; I beg of you, my dear Ruſſel, from the friendſhip you have for me, not to ſour my father by any more reports; he is more clear-ſighted than we are, ſo let us avoid giving him prejudices, leave him to judge ſoundly, and from his own obſervation.

RUS. You have conceived a friendſhip, then, for the Viſcount?

Sir JOHN. No, by no means; but, notwith-

ſtanding his apparent faults, he may have a good heart.——

Rus. Do you know, Sir, what he ſays of you?

Sir John. No, I don't know, and I forbid you to tell me.

Rus. I own to you, I am quite beſide myſelf, when I ſee you take the part of a man, who conſiders you as a ſimpleton.

Sir John. A ſimpleton!

Rus. Yes, Sir, a ſimpleton, ſince I muſt tell you ſo.

Sir John. [laughing.] And is that all?—Very well, what harm has he done me? He accuſes me of what is very common at my age.

Rus. At your age? He is but one year older than you.

Sir John. Well, I am ſeventeen, and if I am ſimple, it is very excuſable at my age; it is the ſlighteſt reproach that can be made to me, ſince it is only a diſgrace of youth, which wears off as we grow up; and is often the conſequence of qualities which a young man ſhould have, that is timidity, and a want of confidence in himſelf.

Rus. With all my heart; he has pronounced an excellent panegyric upon you; if you find it ſo, I have no reaſon to be offended.

Sir John. No, I don't think it is; but I think I have proved to you, that he has ſaid nothing at which I ſhould take offence.

Rus. Perhaps you are the only young man that it would not pierce to the quick.

Sir John, Provided that neither my honour nor my heart be atacked, and that I am not accuſed of being either a pedant, or a coxcomb, I do not care.

Rus. Well thought of——My God, I had like to have forgot to tell it you—Your friend, the Viſcount told us a fine fib this morning, about his writing letters to Italy.

Sir John. How is that?

Rus. O, it is excellent—he gave orders to his ſervants to ſay, that he was ſhut up in his chamber, becauſe he had twenty letters to write, to go by the poſt to-morrow to Rome; but, inſtead of that, he laid himſelf down between a pair of ſheets, becauſe, notwithſtanding the Engliſh trot, about which he makes ſuch a fuſs, he was mortally fatigued with the chace this morning.

Sir John. And how do you know that he trots in the Engliſh manner?

Rus. Upon my life, for theſe five hours, ſince my return from Paris, I have heard of nothing elſe. I have ſeen Robin the huntſman, who has told me all the particulars of the chace. There is not a ſervant about the houſe, who does not make game of the Traveller, as they call him. I was a little impatient to ſee him; and, in quality of houſe-ſteward, I went to know his orders, and I found him dreſſing; he deſired me to acquaint the Baron, that his diſpatches were

finiſhed, and that he would come down preſently.

Sir JOHN. Well, how do you know that he did not write, and that he laid himſelf upon the bed?

RUS. Becauſe he neglected to forbid Philip to mention it; and while he was aſleep, I was in the anti-chamber, chatting with Philip, and we heard him ſnoring.

Sir JOHN. But, perhaps, he has been writing ſince?

RUS. Not a line—Philip told me ſo this inſtant.

Sir JOHN. To tell lies thus, in downright wantonneſs, is incredible!——Does my father know it?

RUS. O, my God, no; I forgot to tell him.

Sir JOHN. Well, my dear Ruſſel, I pray you do not mention it to him; at leaſt have patience; let us not be precipitate, nor haſten to injure a young man, whoſe levity and giddineſs is, perhaps, his greateſt crime. Certainly, if he is not a man of honour, he is not worthy of my ſiſter; but let us take time to become acquainted with his character, and be careful not to ſour my father againſt him unneceſſarily.

RUS. Well, I will do whatever you pleaſe, for your goodneſs of heart is ſuch, as to fill even me with ſome of your ſcruples. But, Sir, it is two o'clock, the family are going to dinner.

Sir JOHN. Very true. Farewell, Ruſſel; remember your promiſe.

RUS. Yes, Sir, I will, you may depend upon it.—What an excellent diſpoſition!

[He goes out.]

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

PHILIP, [alone.]

I Thought to have found the Viſcount here; for abſolutely I muſt ſpeak with him. O, here he comes.

SCENE II.

PHILIP, THE VISCOUNT.

VIS. Well, Philip, I am very glad to meet you;——what ſtory is this you have told Mr. Dormer, that I was gone to ſleep, and——?

PHI. A ſtory do you call it, Sir! Did you not undreſs, and go to bed? Did I not ſhut your window-ſhutters? Did you not ſleep for two hours?

VIS. Once for all; I would have you know, that when I ſhut myſelf up in my chamber,

you muſt ſay, that I am writing, or reading, or employed ſome way or other.

PHI. Very well, my Lord, now I know your mind, I ſhall not fail; but in future, I hope your Lordſhip will not forget to give me my leſſon, as you did when we were in Italy; then, I believe, I was no bad ſecond, I deſire no better than to tell lies; but I am no conjurer.

VIS. Well, enough of that.—Tell me, do you know Ruſſel? He ſeems to me to be in the Baron's confidence; I wiſh you could learn from him, whether I have the happineſs to be agreeable to his maſter?

PHI. That is juſt what I wanted to talk to you about. While you was at dinner, Ruſſel and I had a good deal of chat; and he told me, the Baron was deſirous of having a long converſation with you this day, that he may be able to judge from his own obſervation, whether you really poſſeſs thoſe talents of which he has heard ſo much.

VIS. [with a ſneering laugh.] The worthy ſoul!———that is charming!

PHI. So, my Lord, I would have you prepare yourſelf.

VIS. To aſtoniſh, to affect ſuch an inſenſible being, were a triumph worth the purſuit. ——Come, I will make the attempt—I will ſtoop to it.

PHI. Ruſſel has likewiſe informed me, that Sir John too propoſes to have a particular converſation with you.

Vis. How is this, muſt I ſubmit to be examined by the whole family? That is really preſuming too far.

Phi. It is generally reported, that the young gentleman has made great progreſs in ſcience, and every valuable accompliſhment.

Vis. Yes, indeed, by what I find, he has gained a moſt brilliant reputation over all Picardy.

Phi. One thing is certain, he knows a number of languages for his age; the Latin, German, Italian, Engliſh.

Vis. Yes, and ſpeaks them with great elegance.

Phi. I know nothing of theſe things; but I can ſay, it would have been well for us upon our travels, if we had known as much.—— There is ſomebody coming; 'tis Sir John himſelf. ——

Vis. Leave us. [Philip goes out.]

SCENE III.

THE VISCOUNT, SIR JOHN.

Sir JOHN. Ah, my Lord, I am happy to find you alone: I have been ſeeking an opportunity ever ſince you returned from the chace. I would have waited upon you, but I knew you were aſleep.

VIS. [laughing.] That I was aſleep!—It has been my Valet-de-chambre, who ſaid ſo?

Sir JOHN. Yes, my Lord, it was.

VIS. I will honeſtly tell you the truth—— My ſervants have orders to ſay, that I am gone to ſleep, every time that I ſhut myſelf up to be buſy—if it was not for that, I ſhould be interrupted every inſtant.

Sir JOHN. You did not go to bed, then?

VIS. Not a minute.

Sir JOHN. But your window-ſhutters were ſhut!

VIS. Always, when I am employed; 'tis a cuſtom I have; the light diſtracts me ſo; I cannot engage in any thing ſerious, but in that manner. 'Tis a cuſtom I took to in Italy, and the rather, as the great heat makes it neceſſary to ſhut all cloſe; by which means the apartments are exceſſively dark. My whim of writing by candle-light was very well known at Rome and Naples: it even became a pro-

verb; for, to expreſs that a work was written with care, it was ſaid, that it certainly muſt have been done by candle-light. It was my diſcourſe at my admiſſion into the Academy of Arcades, which brought this droll ſaying into faſhion.

Sir JOHN. After all, I believed you were in bed this morning, and———

VIS. In bed!—Be aſſured I never ſleep. I ſpeak not this figuratively; I have an antipathy to ſleep; that ſtate of ſtupor and moral death, in which all the faculties of the ſoul are annihilated, ſeems to me the moſt humiliating degradation of human nature; for which reaſon, I have accuſtomed myſelf never to ſleep of a night, more than two or three hours at moſt.

Sir JOHN. I congratulate you—But I came with an intention of having ſome converſation with you about my ſiſter: I received a letter from her this morning.———

VIS. Well, does ſhe know that I am in France?

Sir JOHN. Yes, ſhe ſpeaks a great deal about you; ſhe aſks me queſtions, and deſires me to let her know as ſoon as you come here, what I think of your diſpoſition, and———

VIS. In your anſwer, you may tell her, that I am not quite an idiot: and that I have derived ſome advantage from travelling.

Sir JOHN. Angelica is ſixteen, and has all the happy ſimplicity of that age; ſhe believes, that the merit of early youth conſiſts in mo-

deſty, gentleneſs, a deſire of inſtruction, and, above all, to acquire virtuous habits. Were I to draw a more ſplendid picture of you, and to tell her, that at eighteen, you are all that you will be at thirty; ſhe would be frightened, inſtead of captivated! She is ſo perfectly perſuaded, that youth is incapable of acquiring the perfections of riper age, that it would be impoſſible for me to make her give up that prejudice; and ſhould I tell her, that you poſſeſs ſuperior talents, with a great ſtock of knowledge, ſhe would think that I impoſed upon myſelf, and miſtook aſſurance, preſumption, and ridiculous pretenſions, for merit and inſtruction.

VIS. I am not at all ſurpriſed at what you tell me; the fruit of a Convent education, is to have a head filled with prejudices.——

Sir JOHN. She has been better educated than is common in a Convent; my Aunt, who was very capable of forming her mind, was particularly attentive to give her no ideas but what were juſt.———

VIS. Has ſhe great ſenſibility?——

Sir JOHN. She has an excellent heart.

VIS. So much the better; nothing attaches ſo much as a loving ſoul, and it muſt be acknowledged, that in that reſpect, the women outſtrip us greatly.——The Engliſh women eſpecially: when they love, it is with ſuch violence!——I knew one of them, very ſurpriſing in that way——beautiful as an angel, exceſſively captivating, very much in the

faſhionable world. Well, this woman (whoſe name is perfectly known, even here) is ſuſceptible of an exceſs of paſſion, ſurpaſſing every thing to be met with in the moſt improbable romances—an impetuoſity of imagination, a fire, a warmth, a delicacy—and a manner of writing, ſo full of captivating energy!—This Engliſh Lady, and a little Spaniſh girl, with whoſe father I lodged at Madrid, are, in that way perhaps, the two moſt extraordinary beings in the world.

Sir JOHN. [aſide.] What ridiculous folly!

VIS. The Italian ladies likewiſe, have very violent paſſions; but with ſuch inſupportable jealouſy.—I had a proof of this at Venice; it was a cruel affair—An unfortunate woman ruined herſelf by breaking forth into ſuch extravagances!—this adventure made a dreadful noiſe; and truly I was very much affected with it. Were I to tell you all that happened to me on my travels, I ſhould run a riſk of being frequently ſuſpected of exaggeration; but really it ſeems as if I was born to do extraordinary things, of every ſort.—But pray, Sir John, when do you intend to travel?

Sir JOHN. I own to you, that I have no great paſſion for travelling—and the longer I live, the greater is my reluctance.

VIS. But that is a childiſh reluctance.——

Sir JOHN. However, you won't be able to overcome it.

VIS. How odd that is!—Well, I will have you go with me next year into the North.

Sir JOHN. What, into the North?

VIS. Yes, indeed, I propoſe to make a tour to the north. I ſhall go firſt to Ruſſia, becauſe I propoſe to write ſome ſpirited obſervations on the rapid progreſs which the Ruſſians have made both in arts and politics. I have already laid my plan.——I ſhould then wiſh to make an acquaintance with Sweden and Denmark.————

Sir JOHN. But if you marry, do you propoſe to carry your wife with you?

VIS. O, that is impoſſible.——I ſhall carry nobody with me, but a draughtſman and a botaniſt. Do you love natural hiſtory? I am diſtractedly fond of it. I was born with happy talents. The moſt inſipid dry ſtudy, is mere amuſement to me; I learn whatever I pleaſe, without pain or trouble. It is allowable to boaſt of this facility of acquiring knowledge; it has nothing in common with genius; it depends ſolely upon the memory—I certainly have a prodigious memory.—And as to the ſciences, I love them all alike.—My paſſion for knowledge extends to all kinds of objects. —A droll enough remark was made on that ſubject, a few days before I left Rome: It was alledged, that in one evening I ſolved a problem, filled up a dozen rhymes, maintained a lively conteſt on politics, tranſlated a paſſage of Dante into French, and danced ſix country dances. For my part I do not recollect the circumſtances, I will not be anſwerable for the exactitude of this recapitulation; but it

is very poſſible that it may be true—very poſſible.———

Sir JOHN. Pray, my Lord, what paſſage of Danté was it?

VIS. It was—O, it is admirable—I cannot recollect it at preſent.—All that I remember is, that it is the moſt difficult in the whole poem, becauſe it was choſen on purpoſe to puzzle me. —I certainly have this tranſlation ſome where, among my papers; I will ſhew it you.

Sir JOHN. I believe that is my father coming.—[Aſide] Ah! I greatly wanted ſomebody to come to my aſſiſtance; I could hold it no longer.———

VIS. [aſide.] The young man ſeems to be a little aſtoniſhed at this converſation.—Now the ſon is petrified; let us ſubdue the father.

SCENE IV.

THE BARON, VISCOUNT, SIR JOHN.

BAR. Sir John, the Marquis waits for you in the ſaloon, to go and take a walk with him. —[To the Viſcount] Will you give me leave to ſpeak a word with him before he goes?

VIS. I ſhall retire.———

BAR. No, no, my Lord! we ſhall have done in a moment.———

VIS. Very well; in the mean time, I will

examine the paintings of the apartment, which I did not obſerve before. [He moves to a diſtance, to conſider the pictures, affecting the manner of a connoiſſeur.]

BAR. [to Sir John, in a low voice.] Well, what ſort of a converſation have you had?

Sir JOHN. Ah, Sir!—— you find me in a ſurpriſe?——

VIS. [conſidering a picture.] Is not that head after Raphael?

BAR. [turning round.] No, my Lord, it is after my Grand-mother.—An excellent picture!——

VIS. The execution is not amiſs, not at all amiſs.—Ah, there is a charming landſcape, what warmth of colouring.

BAR. [in a low voice, to his Son.] Is he not a fool, an egregious coxcomb?—But as well as you can judge from ſo ſhort a converſation, tell me, don't you think he has had ſome inſtruction? Speak ingenuouſly.

Sir JOHN. He is a fool; they have turned his head, that is all I can diſcover.

VIS. [ſtill conſidering the pictures and ſpeaking to himſelf, but very loud.] In the manner of Roſalba.

BAR. [to his Son.] And if his heart is ſpoiled, there is no reſource.

Sir JOHN. Ah, Sir, ſpeak to him, give him your beſt advice; perhaps you may be able to correct him.

BAR. Enough at preſent, we ſhall reſume the ſubject another time. Come, my Lord,

and you, my ſon, go find the Marquis, and take him to the little garden; ſtop a moment, here is the key. [Sir John goes out.]

SCENE V.

THE BARON, THE VISCOUNT.

VIS. Yours is a charming garden—the ſite is truly agreeable—that view from the ſide of the wood is wild, but exceedingly pictureſque. At the approach of the evening, the ſetting ſun throws immenſe maſſes of light upon the mountain which produces a very fine effect. That landſcape calls to my mind, thoſe of Swiſſerland; it has all their beauties, but without the ſeverity. Nature is more majeſtic, and impreſſes the mind with more awful ideas in Swiſſerland and Italy; but it is a beauty, if I may hazard the expreſſion, whoſe rugged auſterity approaches to harſhneſs. Here indeed ſhe is leſs ſublime, but more ſimple; much more affecting.

BAR. [aſide.] What an harangue!——I believe, this is what is called an impromptu; but it is not in our language, for I neither underſtand the words nor the phraſes.

VIS. [aſide.] I have him——he is already confounded.

BAR. [aſide.] Let us ſee to what lengths he

will go. [aloud] Why truly my Lord, you aſtoniſh me.—You are exceedingly eloquent. —All this fine language, which has been diſplayed to expreſs that I have a fine garden—

VIS. It is becauſe I am paſſionately fond of the country. A fine proſpect affects me in a very extraordinary manner: how happy I was when travelling over the Appennines! Thoſe lofty mountains, rugged with rocks, and ſurrounded with tremendous precipices; that noble wild aſpect, elevated my imagination, extended and exalted my ideas; hurried on by an irreſiſtible enthuſiaſm, I got out of my carriage, I reflected, I made a drawing, I compoſed verſes.—What a country is Italy for a lively imagination, a thinking head! On conſidering, that I was in the country of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, I felt an impreſſion which it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe: having all their works by heart, I found a new pleaſure in reading them on the very ſpot where they were compoſed——and Rome, Rome! what tranſporting raptures did I feel on entering Rome!———

BAR. But tell me a little of the people, the manners and different governments; have you not ſtudied theſe things with attention?

VIS. In Italy, my obſervation ran chiefly on external objects; there nothing is wanted but eyes and memory; there reflexion can only employ itſelf on the paſt; but it is in Swiſſerland and in England, that thinking beings and well organiſed heads are to be found;

ſuch a ſtretch of ideas.—We have grace, an agreeable varniſh, a great glow of colour; we are ſkilled in the art of ſhading; but they have the advantage of us in geometric and methodical reaſoning, nor can we compare our logic with theirs.

BAR. So, you rank the Swiſs and the Engliſh in the ſame claſs? They have no varniſh, no glow of colouring, nor art of ſhading; but they have method, logic, and geometry?

VIS. Yes, in their manners and their way of thinking, there is a great ſimilitude; the natural qualities of both are much the ſame.

BAR. [aſide.] The natural qualities!——[aloud] I am told you have written a very minute journal of your travels?

VIS. Yes, I have ſix volumes of my ſcrawlings; it is an unformed work, as you may conceive a work muſt be, when written with ſuch rapidity.——However, it don't want for fire, nor a ſpirit of originality. While I was in London, I was perſecuted to print it; but I am ſo far from having any vanity of that ſort!——I have brought ſome valuable drawings from Italy, and ſo highly finiſhed!——

BAR. I ſuppoſe, then, that you are a great connoiſſeur in painting?

VIS. Yes, I have a tolerable good eye, and ſuch a paſſionate love of the Arts!——All the time I could ſpare while I was at Rome, was moſt deliciouſly dedicated to muſic and painting; I compoſed a little treatiſe on muſic, in which I prove, that the Italians are the only

people who have known the great effects of harmony; that their ſtyle is in general more pure, their ideas newer, and in ſhort, even in their moſt trifling airs, are to be found pretty intentions, grace, elegance, and motives, well ſuſtained.

BAR. So then, our muſic is ill intentioned; I am very ſorry for it, becauſe I loved Rameau. ——But let us return to painting; and ſince you are a real lover of the art, I will ſhew you a miniature which is ſaid to be done by the hand of a maſter; you will give me your opinion freely, becauſe, in conſequence, I ſhall either purchaſe it or ſend it back. There it is, [He gives him the box with Angelica's picture in the lid. He ſays aſide] Let us hear what this pedant will ſay to the figure of Angelica.

VIS. [after a moment's attention.] I cannot adviſe you to purchaſe it.

BAR. Why ſo?——The face is pretty.

VIS. [looking at the picture.] No——no character——bad attitude, no expreſſion——a deteſtable piece, truly!

BAR. [nettled.] It is well I hear this.

VIS. [ſtill looking at the picture.] Deteſtable—no taſte in the colouring; a ſneaking look—a pitiful manner, exceſſively hard——wretched drapery.——[Giving back the box.] It is worth nothing——abſolutely good for nothing.

BAR. [in a paſſion.] Well, Mr. Connoiſſeur, ſome other perſon perhaps may not be ſo hard to pleaſe.

VIS. How is this: what is the matter?

BAR. O, here comes your father very apropos.

SCENE VI.

BARON, MARQUIS, VISCOUNT, SIR JOHN.

BAR. Come hither, my Lord; come.—

MAR. My God, what is the matter? you ſeem diſturbed?———

BAR. I have been juſt now ſhewing Angelica's picture to your Son.

VIS. [aſide.] Ah, ha! there's the plot!—

BAR. And it has not the happineſs to pleaſe him. He ſays, that ſhe is hard, that ſhe has a pitiful manner, a ſneaking look—and a hundred other impertinences of the ſame kind.—

MAR. How is this, my Son?———

VIS. [in a low voice to the Marquis.] O, Sir, I can explain all this——nothing can be more ſimple; but theſe people have not common ſenſe.

BAR. Indeed, my dear Marquis, the Viſcount Melville is much too great a wonder for me; his genius ſoars ſo high above mine, that really I don't underſtand his long ſpeeches, no more than if he was ſpeaking High Dutch. His language is compoſed of a number of words totally unknown to me; and he places

thoſe which I do know, in ſuch a manner, that I am quite at a loſs to underſtand their meaning.—As for me, I ſhould wiſh to be able to converſe with my Son-in-law, ſo that you ſee plainly———

MAR. There is no more to be ſaid; I releaſe you from your promiſe; come, my Son.—

Sir JOHN. [aſide.] I foreſaw how things would end.

VIS. [to the Baron.] Sir, I know but ſix languages, and have not the leaſt tincture of the Picard; I own it to my ſhame; and this ignorance has coſt me too dear not to lament it ſincerely.———

MAR. Come, my Son, let us be gone.

BAR. I hope, at leaſt, my dear Marquis, that I ſhall not have the misfortune to loſe your friendſhip.—I ought to have ſpoken with more caution, but you know my free way and quick temper; and truly the young man wore out my patience.——You likewiſe know, that when you propoſed this marriage to me, I informed you, that it could not take place unleſs the diſpoſition and character of your Son ſhould prove agreeable to me, and—

MAR. Let us ſpare uſeleſs explanation; we muſt bid you adieu; come, my Son, let us depart.

VIS. [ironically.] Come along, then, and let us ſupport this reverſe of fortune with courage; the Muſes, glory, and the Arts, will perhaps come to conſole me in my misfortunes.

——Farewell, Sir John.—[As he goes out, laughing] A very pleaſant adventure, truly. Ha, ha, ha! [They go out.]

SCENE VII.

THE BARON, SIR JOHN.

BAR. The coxcomb!——upon my life I don't know where I am.——My head is ſtill filled with all the extravagance which he has been pouring forth upon me, and to which I have attended with great patience for a whole hour.—Fooliſh jargon!—upon my faith, I had made a fine choice indeed, for my poor Angelica!——But tell me, my Son, could you have conceived ſuch an exceſs of folly, conceit, and ſtupidity?———

Sir JOHN. I ſee, Sir, what you have frequently told me, that preſumption in a young man, muſt equally injure both his heart and underſtanding.

BAR. My dear Boy, never forget this leſſon; you will meet with coxcombs more poliſhed, and with ſuperior underſtandings; but lay it down for a rule, that at the bottom of their hearts they are all alike; ſlaves of the moſt deſpicable and fooliſh vanity, unprincipled, ſlighting the other ſex, indiſcreet, falſe and arrogant; ſuch are the horrid vices which

mark them all, and which are equally the portion of the moſt expert, as of the moſt awkward and ridiculous amongſt them. Finally, be for ever perſuaded, that at your age, notwithſtanding the beſt education, things are known only by halves; that nothing but time and experience can ripen the underſtanding; that a philoſopher of eighteen, is but a blockhead; and that without a ſound heart, modeſt reſerve, and docility, no good can be expected in a young man.

Sir JOHN. Ah, Sir, I receive ſuch ſalutary counſels with too much pleaſure not to profit by them in time. I beg you will condeſcend to believe, that at leaſt by my ſentiments I ſhall be worthy of you.

BAR. I do not doubt it; and upon that hope is founded the happineſs of my life.—But come, let us find the Marquis, and if poſſible appeaſe him before his departure; for notwithſtanding the impertinence of the Son, I ſhould be ſorry to break off an intimacy which has been of twenty years ſtanding.—Come, let us go in queſt of him.

THE END.

VATHEK,

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the hiſtory of the Arabs, we find there was a Caliph of the name of Vathek, the Son of Motaſſem. This Motaſſem, was a Prince of high reputation, and the eighth Caliph of Abbaſide. In the notes of this little piece, the anecdotes taken from that hiſtory, are particularly mentioned. If the fictions of a feeling heart have a claim to awake the tender paſſions, certainly they muſt be more ſenſibly affected by the language of truth; and the pleaſure of reciting one good action, is worth a million of fictions.

THE PERSONS.

MOTASSEM, the Caliph.

VATHEK, Son of Motaſſem.

ALMANZOR, Vathek's Governor.

THE VIZIER.

OSMIN, Son of the Vizier.

NASSER, friend of the Vizier.

JAFFIER, friend of Almanzor.

Scene in the Caliph's Palace.

VATHEK,

A

COMEDY.

A diſintereſted and generous man, is born a ruler; and he is, at the ſame time, the greateſt of politicians, were policy only to be conſidered.

Sir C. Grandiſon, vol. vi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Stage repreſents the inſide of one of the apartments in the Palace.

THE VIZIER, NASSER.

NASSER.

LET us ſtop here; the young Prince is not yet come from hunting; and while we expect his return, let us converſe with freedom.

I have an important ſecret to communicate to you: I believe, that fortune at laſt preſents us a certain means of deſtroying our common enemy; that auſtere, unſociable man, whoſe credit with the Caliph has deſtroyed mine, and is equal to yours.———

Viz. Almanzor?——

Nas. Yes, the ſame?——

Viz. Ha, let me hear!———

Nas. I have diſcovered the name of the author of thoſe abuſive verſes, written againſt you and the Caliph.———

Viz. Well, what then?———

Nas. That infamous libel, which preſumes to affront our Sovereign and his Vizier with ſuch daring inſolence, is the work of Boulaſki, the relation and friend of Almanzor;—I have certain proof.

Viz. The diſcovery may be uſeful; and the rather, as Almanzor has for ſome time been earneſtly ſoliciting a place for Boulaſki, which he has juſt obtained.

Nas. Shew the verſes to the Caliph; tell him the particulars; make him ſenſible, that the intereſt of Almanzor was not employed in favour of Boulaſki, till theſe verſes made their appearance; and let him know, that you are not ignorant of his hatred againſt you.—

Viz. I am ſorry the character of the Caliph has been abuſed in theſe verſes along with mine;——it will ſeem unnatural to him, that Almanzor, the Governor of his Son, can have any deſire to tarniſh his glory!———

NAS. Let us not attempt to perſuade him that they were made by Almanzor, but let us try to prove, that it was with his knowledge, and that he approved of them becauſe of the inſult offered to the Vizier. You may likewiſe add, that Almanzor, from the bottom of his ſoul, has been diſſatisfied with the Caliph for more than a year: when the place of Vizier was vacant, it is alledged, he preferred it to that of being Governor to the young Prince; and will never pardon you for having obtained it. In ſhort, you muſt collect all theſe circumſtances with art, and when you have infuſed ſome ſlight ſuſpicions into the mind of the Caliph, you will have made a great progreſs; for Princes very ſoon from diſtruſt proceed to averſion.

VIZ. The Caliph is juſt and ſagacious; he eſteems Almanzor, and even I, ſometimes, in the bottom of my heart, muſt approve the friendſhip he ſhews him. Almanzor, for theſe ten years employed in the education of Vathek, ſeems to have no other ambition than that of diſcharging his duty; intermeddling in no public affairs; ſhewing the moſt extraordinary diſintereſtedneſs; deſpiſing intrigue, and diſdaining flattery; if it were not to be ſuſpected that his deſigns are deep and ſecret, we might be tempted to regard him as a ſingular model of philoſophy, prudence, and virtue.

NAS. You may take my word for it, that ſuch a model is not to be found in a Court;

—if it does exiſt, let us not look for it in a Courtier. Depend upon it, this ſeeming moderation in Almanzor, conceals a boundleſs ambition; has it not already ſerved him effectually? He aſks for nothing; but favour comes in queſt of him; and without ſeeming to deſire it, he often obtains what we in vain ſolicit. It is true, he does not enter into intrigues; but has he not the art to inſinuate himſelf more and more every day, into the confidence of the Caliph? And is he not perpetually ſecure of that of his ſucceſſor? With what addreſs has he gained the affection of the young Prince! I do not know the ſecret motives of Almanzor's policy, but I judge of their depth by his ſucceſs; and undoubtedly it has the advantage of ours: take care then, you do not become the victim. ——

Viz. I think as you do, my dear Naſſer; I ſee in Almanzor, a rival only the more dangerous, as he is more capable of concealing his ambitious purpoſes; and to reply to that confidence you have placed in me, I muſt own to you I have diſcovered a ſecret, which I hope may put it in my power to open the eyes of the Caliph, and expoſe the conduct of Almanzor.

Nas. I burn with impatience to hear it.—

Vis. The young Prince is in love with Zulica.——

Nas. The daughter of Almanzor?

Vis. Yes, I am certain of it; my Son has had the addreſs to wreſt that important ſecret from Vathek.

NAS. And you have the particulars from Oſmin himſelf?——

VIZ. Yes; and only ſince yeſterday.——

NAS. We cannot doubt then, that Almanzor has ſecretly favoured the young Prince's paſſion, and from thence has formed ſome project of ambition.

VIZ. Every thing conſpires to prove it.

NAS. But how had Vathek an opportunity to ſee, and become acquainted with Zulica?——

VIZ. With the Princeſs, the Caliph's Mother.——

NAS. O, that is the reaſon then of Almanzor's extraordinary attachment to the Princeſs? Different accidents had eſtranged the Caliph from his Mother, but it was only Almanzor who could reconcile and unite them.——

VIZ. And in reward for ſuch ſervice, the Princeſs has almoſt adopted Zulica as her daughter; ſhe cannot bear to be abſent from her one inſtant. She is undoubtedly acquainted with Vathek's love, and ſeduced by her favourite, perhaps conceives the fooliſh hope of gaining the approbation of the Caliph.—What confirms me in this opinion, is, the Caliph's having been for ſome months paſt deſirous of fixing on a wife for the Prince; and the choice he had made might be a very advantageous connexion for the kingdom, but the Princeſs his Mother, and Almanzor, diſſuaded him, on different pretences, which were more ſpecious than ſolid; alledging, among other reaſons, the extreme youth of the Prince.——

NAS. How will the Caliph be provoked, when he diſcovers this criminal intrigue!—— Do not delay one moment to acquaint him with it; it is your moſt important duty.

VIZ. I ſhall certainly diſcharge it—and I am perſuaded, that Almanzor cannot eſcape the artful ſnare which I have laid for him.— I this morning intreated the Caliph to demand his daughter Zulica for my ſon; and if he refuſes, of which I have no doubt, he is ruined.————

NAS. Come to my arms, my dear Vizier. you tranſport me with admiration!——I am leſs animated by the hatred I bear Almanzor, than from the joy I ought to feel at the important ſervice you are about to render to the ſtate, by overturning the audacious projects of an ambitious man, who, I find is capable of every thing. We ſhall at laſt, then, be witneſſes of the downfall of this pretended philoſopher, that haughty man, againſt whom hatred and conſpiracies, ſeemed only to inſpire him with indifference and diſdain—— Now he will loſe that unjuſt ſuperiority, which he has maintained over us: how provoking his affected moderation!——Our ears will no longer be fatigued with the tireſome repetition of his praiſes!—By his hypocritical conduct, he has obliged his enemies, theſe fifteen years, either to join in his praiſe or to be ſilent: but, thanks to your zeal and abilities, we ſhall now be revenged.

VIZ. Yes, yes, we ſhall indeed; but let

us conduct ourſelves with prudence, and by diſſimulation, conceal our juſt reſentment. Being obliged for ſome time paſt, to yield to the torrent, or rather to the will of the Caliph, I have affected to be reconciled to Almanzor, and we muſt ſtill keep him in that perſuaſion; but this very day I would wiſh you to have a converſation with that intimate friend of Almanzor, that gloomy miſanthrope, Jaffier; a ſevere man, who lives at court only to contemn its honours, to ſlight its cuſtoms and manners, and who ſeems to be virtuous, with no other view but to have a right of cenſuring others. See him, and converſe with him; and endeavour to perſuade him, that I ſincerely wiſh for the friendſhip of Almanzor.——

Nas. I have little hope of any good from ſuch a converſation. Jaffier is ſo diſtruſtful, ſo filled with pride and contempt for us!—— He has all the ſavage auſterity of Almanzor, without his affected gentleneſs, his politeneſs or addreſs.—In ſhort, the ruſticity and bluntneſs of Jaffier, are ſo diſguſting.

Viz. Huſh—I hear a noiſe; certainly it is the Prince returning from hunted; let us go and preſent ourſelves.——

Nas. Here he comes.——

SCENE II.

The VIZIER, NASSER, VATHEK, ALMANZOR, OSMIN, JAFFIER.

VAT. I thought my father had been here.—

VIZ. My Lord, he will be here very ſoon; he commanded me to deſire you would wait his coming.

OSM. [to the Vizier.] O, Sir, if you knew what an action the Prince has done while we were hunting this morning———

VIZ. Some benevolent action undoubtedly?

OSM. 'Tis a charming ſtory!——If the Prince will give leave, Almanzor can acquaint you with the particulars.

ALM. With all my heart.—The Prince, notwithſtanding my intreaty, took the lead, and left us a conſiderable way behind him.—

VIZ. He has ſo much vivacity.———

NAS. And it becomes him ſo well!—

OSM. And he mounts his horſe with ſo much courage.———

JAF. [aſide.] Contemptible flatterers!—

OSM. Nobody could keep up with him.—

ALM. That is true; he cannot manage his horſe; who always runs away with him, and by that means he goes faſter than any of us.

VIZ. Raillery is charming.———

VAT. No, no, Almanzor is not thinking of raillery; he tells me truth; and what is ſtill better, he has taught me to hear it with pleaſure.

ALM. But let us return to our hiſtory. The Prince met an old man,* whoſe little cart had been overturned in a ditch, and the poor peaſant was employing every effort in vain to diſengage it.———

VAT. Tell, likewiſe, that this good old man had the moſt venerable engaging figure, beautiful grey locks hung waving on his ſhoulders, and the ſweat ran down his face; leaning againſt a tree, oppreſſed with fatigue and grief, he lifted his eyes filled with tears, and his trembling hands to heaven; when I approached him, I found him in that affecting ſituation.—Poor good man! I think I ſee him ſtill.———

ALM. You may gueſs the reſt. The Prince diſmounted from his horſe, and lent a helping hand to the old man; he drew the cart out of the ditch, and gave his purſe to the peaſant; who, being tranſported with joy and gratitude, was in tears thanking and bleſſing his benefactor, when we arrived on

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* This anecdote is taken entirely from the hiſtory of the Arabs, and happened to the Caliph Motaſſem, the father of Vathek, when he was very young.

See the hiſtory of the Arabs, by Marigny.

the ſpot where it happened. The old man, when he was informed that the young perſon to whoſe charitable aſſiſtance he was ſo much indebted, was the ſon of his Sovereign, remained for ſome time motionleſs, then joining his hands, and raiſing them towards Heaven, exclaimed, "O God, for his reward, do thou preſerve to him that compaſſionate, generous heart!"———

JAF. The beſt wiſh, undoubtedly, which gratitude and virtue could offer up for a Prince!———Better than all the pompous panegyrics of all the courtiers in the world.—

VAT. Yes, Jaffier, I am ſenſible of its full value; the good old man's prayer will be heard; yes, I am certain of it, my heart will never change.

VIZ. I know nothing ſo truly affecting as this ſtory. This, my Lord, is the fruit of the leſſons of Almanzor.

ALM. This action of the Prince was ſo ſimple and ſo natural, that I can aſſume no ſhare in the merit.

JAF. Yes, Almanzor, it is unqueſtionably very natural to aſſiſt a wretched old man, reduced to deſpair, and who ſo eaſily can be made happy; but nevertheleſs, you may expect to-morrow, to ſee verſes and poems compoſed to celebrate this ſame action which you think ſo ſimple.

VIZ. Enthuſiaſm, inſpired by benevolence, is always excuſable.

JAF. No, exaggeration never can be ex-

cuſable; I even think it offenſive to whomſoever it is offered. What do all the encomiums laviſhed upon a common tranſaction ſignify, if it is not, that the author is ſurprized and confounded at finding that he who did it, is capable of it, and that he was very far from expecting even a ſimple inſtance of humanity?——

NAS. [aſide.] Deteſtable miſanthrope!—

VIZ. For my part, I own to you that the action of the Prince is deſerving of praiſe.—

VAT. No, no! Jaffier is right; I only diſcharged an indiſpenſable duty; and, as a proof, if I had conducted myſelf differently, Almanzor would certainly have reproved me.

ALM. Undoubtedly, my Lord; but however, at your age, when virtue and good principles cannot as yet be arrived at perfection; there is a merit in doing our duty; and what heightens yours upon the preſent occaſion, is, your love of the chace, and your ardour in the purſuit of it, which you, without heſitation, ſacrificed to the pleaſure of being uſeful to the poor old man.

NAS. Indeed, the Prince's love of hunting adds a high value to the ſacrifice!

JAF. So, it is very naturally to be expected, that a love of hunting ſhould prevail over compaſſion and humanity; and the deſire of killing an innocent animal, exceed that of aſſiſting an unfortunate old man?——

ALM. Jaffier, you forget that the Prince is but ſixteen years old: I believe that cir-

cumſtance will give weight to our ſide of the argument.

JAF. Since you join the reſt, it is time for me to yield.——[To Vathek] Well, my Lord, ſince Almanzor himſelf ſays ſo, you may be perſuaded that you have performed an admirable, ſublime, unexampled action, which ſurpaſſes the united exploits of all the heroes of antiquity.———What is the matter, Almanzor? Do I ſay any thing that deſerves to be laughed at? Is it not quite conformable to your own language?——Am I the only perſon that muſt appear ridiculous in flattering?

ALM. You rally, and we laugh; there is no better way of replying to raillery.———

JAF. I rally!——Who? I! You know that I do not rally———it is not my diſpoſition to rally.——All that I ſee, and all that I hear, can excite no degree of mirth in me: but I do not wiſh to diſturb yours; amuſe yourſelf without conſtraint; I leave you in perfect freedom.

[He goes out haſtily.]

SCENE III.

VATHEK, ALMANZOR, The VIZIER, OSMIN, NASSER.

ALM. This is one of his uſual rudeneſſes.

VIZ. His valuable qualities amply atone for them all?———

VAT. His ill-humour is only the effect of an uncommon degree of candour.

ALM. My Lord, a man may be candid without being rude. It is abſurd to imagine, that the poſſeſſion of one good quality can be an excuſe for a fault which is inſupportable in ſociety: on the contrary, my Lord, the moſt virtuous man is in general the moſt indulgent, the moſt gentle, and the moſt moderate; he is not oſtentatious, he is no declaimer: and is too much in love with truth, not to endeavour to make it amiable, or to run the hazard of making it hated, without any neceſſity, by a harſh diſobliging auſterity.

VAT. There is the picture of a truly worthy man, for it is the picture of Almanzor.

ALM. Depend upon it, however, my Lord, that Jaffier, notwithſtanding his continual declamations, and his want of indulgence, poſſeſſes the moſt ſingular and brilliant

qualities. The probity of thoſe people who make no allowances for the world, is in general to be diſtruſted; but I would not have you imagine that none of them can be virtuous: if we admit of no exceptions in our rules of judging of mankind, we become unjuſt, and give ourſelves up to all the errors of prejudice and infatuation.

Viz. Such precepts are equally worthy of the pupil and the teacher——but I muſt go and ſee if the Caliph is informed of the Prince's return: come, Oſmin, come, Naſſer.—

Nas. We follow you.

[The Vizier, Oſmin, and Naſſer go out.]

SCENE IV.

ALMANZOR, VATHEK,

Alm. [after a ſhort ſilence.] My Lord, you ſeem to be loſt in thought?———

Vat. 'Tis true.—I was making ſome melancholy reflections.

Alm. Upon what ſubject?

Vat. Upon flattery; I deteſt it, yet I frequently obſerve that I am deceived by it. ——If it were not for you, Almanzor, how often muſt I have been miſled by it!———

Alm. Deteſt it always, and you will have no cauſe of apprehenſion; it will never be able to miſlead you.

VAT. But when it aſſumes the tone of friendſhip, it is ſo perſuaſive, ſo dangerous!

ALM. One certain means of avoiding the ſnares of flattery, is to learn to know ourſelves, to conſider our faults, and reflect upon our conduct; in ſhort, to judge of them with ſeverity: and if we find the praiſes which are offered, exceed the opinion we have of our own merit: we may be aſſured they are dictated by flattery:—but I repeat it to you, that to make ſuch means effectual, you muſt examine yourſelf with care, and judge with rigour. Another method of diſconcerting flattery, is, to ſeem inſenſible to it, and to hear it with coldneſs. Happy the Prince, who knows how to awe it into ſilence! Your auguſt Father offers you an example of this; no one dare praiſe him to his face, and the moſt hardy courtier will not preſume to addreſs his flattery to him directly.

VAT. So I perceive; they are obliged to attempt it by oblique hints, and I ſaw an inſtance of this a few days ago. It was Naſſer, who was praiſing him, tho' ſtanding only about four paces diſtant; my Father turned round, and Naſſer ſeemed ſurpriſed and embarraſſed; but that was all a pretence, for he ſpoke on purpoſe to be heard. I plainly obſerved it, for you have taught me to ſee their mean arts. What is very extraordinary, I am no longer deceived where my Father is concerned, but am ſtill ſo at times in my own caſe. For example, there is Oſmin, tho' he

is but eighteen, knows already how to flatter, and very artfully.——He ſeemed to love me, he is nearly of my age, and if you had not warned me, I ſhould have thought him ſincere. —He cannot love me, ſince he attempts to deceive me. What, muſt a Prince forego the happineſs of having friends?

ALM. When they contemn flatterers, when they cheriſh the language of truth, and reward real abilities and merit, inſtead of intrigue and aſſiduity, they will find ſincere and virtuous friends.

VAT. But, Almanzor, you know how much I loved the Son of Jaffier; I preferred him to all who came near me; he is beloved by you, and was educated by you along with me; I eſteemed his character; his perſon was agreeable to me; he poſſeſſed my entire confidence; and yet, I am perſuaded, he had not a ſincere friendſhip for me: I eaſily perceived, that he did not find the ſame pleaſing ſatisfaction in our converſation that I did; he was frequently loſt in thought.

ALM. Perhaps, he had ſome ſecret reaſon.——

VAT. But wherefore conceal it from me?—

ALM. Undoubtedly it muſt have been your fault.——Princes in general look upon thoſe whom they honour with the name of friends, only as confidents; they think that none but their ſecrets are truly important; the little intereſts which affect us, appear to them too trifling to merit much attention; in ſhort,

their ſole pleaſure is in ſpeaking of themſelves; they condeſcend to place confidence in individuals, but the confidence which is ſhewn in return, is tireſome, or at leaſt what they do not deſire; they cannot then inſpire it, and are only beloved by halves; for friendſhip cannot ſubſiſt without mutual and entire confidence.

VAT. I am ſenſible of that; but, however, I believe I was not guilty of that fault with Nadir: When I obſerved his attention engaged, I queſtioned him, I intreated him to let me know if he wiſhed for any thing, or if I could be uſeful to him, and did not deſiſt from preſſing him, till he aſſured me that he had nothing to deſire.

ALM. And muſt a favour be aſked to procure the attention of a friend?—With a delicate, feeling mind, could not you deſire a leſs intereſted confidence? Surely you cannot but know that from the heart alone muſt proceed the pureſt comforts which friendſhip can receive; and that to partake of griefs with which we have been intruſted, is the ſureſt means to ſoften and diminiſh them.

VAT. O Almanzor! this is a new ſubject of inſtruction to me; and I own I feel an inward ſhame at the thought of ſuch a leſſon being neceſſary; it is the firſt I have received from you which has made me bluſh.—What! the heart then as well as the underſtanding has need of inſtruction!—Ah, why has Nadir been theſe ſix months abſent? Now that I am in-

formed of the duties of friendſhip, the hope of meriting his, makes me wiſh for his return more anxiouſly than ever.—When is he expected?

ALM. I do not know—But are you certain you will always continue to love him?——

VAT. Yes, next to you, Nadir ſhall be my deareſt friend.

ALM. I wiſh it, becauſe I believe him worthy.

VAT. Can I ever change the friend who has been the object of your choice?———

ALM. I wiſh you to love him while he prefers your glory to your favour; while he continues ſincere and diſintereſted; but if he ceaſes to be moderate in his deſires, if he meddles in ſtate intrigues, if he takes indirect methods of ſpeaking uſeful truths, withdraw from him without heſitation; he will then no longer be the friend choſen for you by Almanzor. If you continue to be attached to him, no doubt great efforts will be employed to ruin him; you ſhould let him know the accuſations that are laid againſt him. Do not judge of him, without giving him a hearing; and eſpecially be careful to diſtruſt any informer, let him be who he will, who deſires to be concealed, and dreads having his name mentioned to the perſon accuſed.—But, my Lord, while we are alone, I want to give you another piece of advice. I have frequently obſerved that Oſmin preſumes to give himſelf up to his natural turn for raillery and ridicule, even in your preſence.———

VAT. Tho' I may ſometimes liſten to his humour, I never take any ſhare in it.——

ALM. That is not ſufficient, you ought not to ſuffer it; the people who are the ſubjects of Oſmin's mockeries, ſeeing that you are entertained with the ridicule to which he expoſes them, muſt think that you approve of the unworthy courtier, who endeavours to pleaſe you by ſuch contemptible methods. Mockery is always faulty, but in a Prince it is cruel; think, my Lord, that you pierce the man to the ſoul whom you ridicule. 'Tis true, you attack him only with raillery; but can he retort? Or, if he had the boldneſs, would you ſuffer it? He is defenceleſs, yet you oppreſs him!—and ſtill you call this inhuman injuſtice by the names of gaiety and pleaſantry. Ah, my Lord, the Prince who forgets what is due to his own rank, debaſes and deſtroys his dignity! Grandeur, if it is not accompanied with generoſity, obtains only vain exterior homage; and that which is the effect of ſentiment, and what alone is deſirable, will always be withheld.

VAT. Ah! Almanzor, the greateſt happineſs a Prince can know, is that of being beloved; I ſwear it is the greateſt of my ambition!——

ALM. See then, my Lord, whether you ought to depend upon the attachment of Oſmin, ſince, to divert you for a few moments, he runs the hazard of making you hated!—

VAT. [ſighing.] Divert me!—it would be

difficult to divert me!—for a long time, eſpecially theſe three months.———

ALM. Well, my Lord?

VAT. Nothing can amuſe me; nothing can command my attention.———

ALM. And——what is the reaſon?

VAT. You know it, I am certain you do.

ALM. I would rather owe your ſecrets to your confidence, than to my own penetration.

VAT. You muſt have diſcovered them; and if they are agreeable to you, you will ſpare me the pain of a confeſſion which I dare not make.—You do not reply!

ALM. My Lord, I have nothing to ſay.—

VAT. Very well, then let us talk no more! [He ſinks into a reverie.]

ALM. I am ready to offer you my advice, if you deſire it—But if you expect a criminal indulgence, it were much better, my Lord, that you ſhould be ſilent.———

VAT. Why ſo ſevere? Is ſenſibility a crime?———

ALM. Surely it is a crime to forget what is reaſonable and becoming, and above all, to be maſtered by our paſſions. But the door opens; 'tis the Caliph.———

VAT. Almanzor, my dear Almanzor, how you diſtreſs me!———

ALM. My Lord, the Caliph approaches.

SCENE V.

THE CALIPH, VATHEK, ALMANZOR.

CAL. [to his attendants.] Leave us—Almanzor, I want to talk with you. I have a propoſal to make to you, which I hope you will not think diſagreeable.

ALM. Upon what ſubject, my Lord?

CAL. I believe that your reconciliation with the Vizier is ſincere.

ALM. Yes, my Lord, I can anſwer, that it is on my part.

CAL. He has given me a proof that it is likewiſe ſo on his. He aſks Zulica in marriage for his Son.

VAT. [aſide.] O heavens!———

ALM. My Lord, Zulica is not ſufficiently rich to be a match for Oſmin; the fortune of the Vizier's only Son, muſt make him aſpire to the moſt advantageous alliance.

CAL. And is not Zulica the Daughter of my friend?—Are you not certain that I ſhall give her a fortune equal to that of the huſband, whom you make the object of your choice?———

ALM. My Lord, mine is ſufficient for my deſires; it is moderate, and I am happy.——

CAL. In a word, the Vizier aſks Zulica for his Son; he goes farther, he deſires you will keep the fortune you propoſe to give her, and

only wiſhes to form an alliance which ſhall unite you for ever.———

ALM. My Lord, I cannot give him my Daughter.

VAT. [aſide.] Ah, I recover!———

CAL. I have always declared to you, that I would leave you at liberty to diſpoſe of her, even without my conſent, ſo I ſhall not inſiſt any farther; but I own the refuſal aſtoniſhes me.

VAT. But, my Lord, perhaps the perſon of Oſmin is not agreeable to Almanzor: Oſmin has faults, which may diſpleaſe him; he is a flatterer, a diſſembler.———

ALM. He is but eighteen, he may correct himſelf. I have no averſion to him.——

VAT. But, Almanzor—perhaps you know that he is not agreeable to Zulica?——

ALM. My Daughter can have no will but mine. [To the Caliph] My Lord, you have deigned to promiſe me, that you would leave me entire maſter of the fate of Zulica; it is the only favour I have preſumed to aſk; permit me to recall it to your memory.——

CAL. That is ſufficient; let us think no more of it. I ſhall not even deſire to know the cauſe of your refuſal; but I repeat to you, that I am much ſurpriſed.——Neither did I know that my Son was ſo eſtranged from Oſmin.———

VAT. I, my Lord! I do not hate him, but I know him, and———

CAL. Let us change the ſubject.——I have

been told, my Son, that you have ſome favour to aſk me.

VAT. Yes, my Lord, it is for Omar and Hadi.———

CAL. Do you know them well? Do you love them?———

VAT. No, my Lord; but they frequently follow me to the chace; and for theſe three months, have ſo earneſtly intreated me to ſpeak to you in their favour, that to get rid of them———

ALM. So, my Lord, you grant to indiſcretion and importunity, what you undoubtedly would have refuſed to modeſt, reſerved merit?

CAL. And becauſe Omar and Hadi teazed you, I muſt reward them?——Another time, my Son, before you apply to me, there are two things I would have you conſider; whether the favour which is begged of you, will not occaſion ſome injuſtice; and, if he who ſolicits, is worthy of obtaining it.——But ſomebody comes; certainly it is the Vizier: I ſhall let him know your anſwer, Almanzor; retire.—

VAT. [aſide in going out.] O Zulica! to what happy mortal art thou deſtined! [They go out.]

SCENE VI.

THE CALIPH, [alone.]

What can this refuſal of Almanzor mean, and the intereſt which my Son ſeems to take in it?—Both of them bluſhed, and Vathek eſpecially ſeemed embarraſſed.——It was but yeſterday, that Almanzor earneſtly diſſuaded me from marrying my Son.—A thouſand confuſed ſuſpicions involuntarily preſent themſelves to my imagination.—What, can I ſuſpect Almanzor!——I am afraid either to be deficient in prudence, or to inſult friendſhip.—No, I cannot doubt Almanzor. What man will venture to depend upon the confidence of his Prince, if he cannot obtain it by fifteen years faithful ſervice?——Is it not better to run the riſk of being credulous, than ungrateful?———

SCENE VII.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER.

VIZ. ſtopping. [Aſide] He ſeems thoughtful and diſturbed!——Almanzor has refuſed his conſent.

CAL. Draw near, Vizier.

VIZ. Well, my Lord, may I preſume to aſk what has been the anſwer of Almanzor?——

CAL. He is ſenſible of this proof of your eſteem; but undoubtedly he has other engagements—he cannot give you his Daughter.

VIZ. What do I hear!—My ſurprize is exceſſive. For whom then is Zulica reſerved?—Ah! can he?———

CAL. What?—What were you going to ſay?

VIZ. I beg, my Lord, you will allow me to be ſilent; that word eſcaped me.—I find that Almanzor is always my enemy; but I am no longer his: it was your deſire, my Lord; and I hope I have proved my ſincerity.——

CAL. But what is it you intended to ſay juſt now?

VIZ. Intended to ſay!—Ah, my Lord, do not ſuſpect me to be guilty of ſuch mean art; I flattered myſelf with the hope, that my candour and ſincerity were better known to you. When I hated Almanzor, I did not conceal it; and you will recollect, my Lord, that I ſpoke to you with the moſt perfect freedom of his injuſtice, and my reſentment.

CAL. I remember it; but do you imagine, Vizier, that reviling an enemy is a certain proof of candour?———

VIZ. My Lord, the artful man can conceal the violence of his reſentment, that he may more ſurely accompliſh his purpoſe; but the man of ſincerity and truth, yields to his feelings without diſguiſe, and diſdains a revenge which would coſt him a moment of diſſimulation.

CAL. Let us return to the queſtion I aſked

you; what do you think of Almanzor's refuſal?

Viz. My Lord, it confounds me, and in the firſt emotions of ſurpriſe, a folly—an extravagance, with which the enemies of Almanzor have preſumed to accuſe him, I confeſs, occurred to my imagination.

Cal. What?—What folly?—Explain yourſelf.—But, no, I will not hear it; I am certain of the fidelity of Almanzor.

Viz. It is with pleaſure I remain ſilent on a ſubject which can only deſerve the moſt perfect contempt. Almanzor diſdains my offers, and has refuſed my Son; but whatever his proceedings may be with regard to me, I ſhall never be perſuaded to believe, that the degree of favour he enjoys, can render him the moſt raſh and infatuated of men. I always believed, that he was not without ambition; but he has too much experience, and too good an underſtanding, to let him form projects that are abſolutely chimerical. I beg, my Lord, you will give me leave to talk upon another ſubject. For ſome days, an infamous libel againſt your ſacred perſon, has been in the hands of the public: I am likewiſe mentioned in it with indignity; but that is not the motive of my being affected.———

Cal. I am libelled, ſay you?

Viz. My Lord, in a moſt terrible manner.———

Cal. Is this writing in your poſſeſſion?

Viz. Yes, my Lord, here it is.

CAL. Let me ſee it: hatred may ſometimes communicate uſeful advice.——[reads to himſelf.]

VIZ. I know the name of the guilty author of theſe verſes; the perſon who was employed to copy them, betrayed him; and, either from remorſe, or the hope of reward, was induced to bring me the original, written in the author's own hand.

CAL. [after having read it.] It is plain * that you and I are both cruelly abuſed in this piece; I am hurt as well as you, and I deſire, that you will partake with me in the merit of granting pardon to the offender.

VIZ. My Lord! ——

CAL. Since you can prove from what hand the vile calumny comes—tell me who is the author; I deſire he ſhould know that I am informed of his name, which is the only revenge I can take.

VIZ. But, my Lord, may not this exceſs of indulgence prove dangerous? A private individual ſhould be ſenſible to calumny, and ought to proſecute the calumniator; why then ſhould the Sovereign have more generoſity?

CAL. A private perſon proſecutes the calumniator, to oblige him to retract; and he

* This anſwer is almoſt word for word as it is in the hiſtory, and was given, on a ſimilar occaſion, by Agis, the Caliph of Egypt, to his Vizier.

applies to the law to puniſh him, not to obtain revenge, but for his own juſtification.—A Sovereign is above all reparation; and therefore ought to be equally above being offended.——Beſides, tho' his perſon may be inſulted, his reputation cannot ſuffer. Is it not a duty in him, to learn to pardon who can offend with impunity? And ſhall the obſcure inſult of a madman provoke his anger?—It is ſo noble, ſo pleaſing, to abaſh hatred by clemency and generoſity, and to change the rage and inſolence of an impotent enemy into remorſe and admiration! Ah, * if all thoſe that have offended me, knew how much I delight in granting pardon, induced by repentance and affection, perhaps they would come to me without heſitation, to acknowledge their offences!

Viz. My Lord, you will no doubt be much ſurpriſed to hear the name of the author of theſe infamous verſes.——

Cal. Who is he?

Viz. A man to whom you have been pleaſed to grant an important favour within theſe few days.—In ſhort, it is Boulaſki.——

Cal. Boulaſki!——

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* This ſtroke is taken from the hiſtory. The Caliph Mamom, eldeſt brother of this Caliph Motaſſem, ſpoke theſe charming words, after having pardoned his uncle, who had conſpired againſt his life.

Viz. Yes, my Lord, even he; I pity Almanzor; he certainly will be much afflicted, notwithſtanding the ties of blood which unite him to Boulaſki, for having ſolicited you in his favour.

Cal. You are in a miſtake; Almanzor did not ſolicit me in favour of Boulaſki.

Viz. How, my Lord!———

Cal. The Vizier whom you ſucceeded, was the enemy of Boulaſki; he abuſed him to me; he deceived me, and occaſioned my being guilty of an act of injuſtice to him:——This is a kind of crime, which a Prince can never pardon, and which he ought to puniſh with the greateſt ſeverity. In ſhort, I ſtript Boulaſki of his employments; I refuſed to hearken to his juſtification, and he quitted the court, leaving his intereſts in the hands of Almanzor, and continuing, for a long time, in the hope of being recalled. Almanzor fruitleſsly attempted his defence; he could not obtain an explanation from me; and thus innocence continued to ſuffer for three years.——Truth, however, which ſooner or later makes its way even at court, came at laſt to enlighten and confound me. You know the reſt;—I recalled Boulaſki; I loaded him with favours:——it is believed, that he is indebted for them to the credit of Almanzor, while he owes them ſolely to the reproaches of my own conſcience.

Viz. [aſide.] I could not have ſuſpected this?———

CAL. In ſhort, ſoured by misfortune and oppreſſion, Boulaſki thought to be revenged by ſlandering me; ſo much the greater muſt be my remorſe. He was virtuous, and I have been the cauſe of his guilt; the only bad action with which his life has been ſtained, is the effect of my injuſtice.——How long have theſe verſes been in the hands of the public?

VIZ. A few days preceding the recalling of Boulaſki.

CAL. Wretched man! how he muſt have bluſhed at receiving my gifts; and in ſeeing my ſorrow for having oppreſſed him?——

VIZ. Well, my Lord, will you continue him in his employments?——

CAL. No; the author of an anonymous libel, is not worthy of holding any employment; he has been guilty of a baſe unworthy action; from henceforth no part of adminiſtration can be entruſted to him: but I was unjuſt; I owe him a recompence; let him enjoy his liberty; let him be aſſured of my pardon, of my pity, and of my regret, that it is not in my power to repair the injury I have done him, by any other means than giving him money. I know his writing; bring the original of the verſes written in his own hand, and then I will give you my final orders upon the ſubject.

[He goes out.]

SCENE VIII.

VIZIER, [alone.]

Almanzor had no ſhare in reſtoring Boulaſki to favour!——who could have imagined it?——But, however, he has refuſed my Son, and I can no longer doubt, that Zulica is reſerved for the love of Vathek.——I obſerved the Caliph was uneaſy and vexed; now is the time to inform him of every particular; I will go find Naſſer and my Son, that we may concert what meaſures are to be taken to haſten the fall of this haughty favourite.

[He goes out.]

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

ALMANZOR, JAFFIER.

JAFFIER.

YES, I am certain of it; they are ſcheming ſome new intrigue againſt you. Naſſer courts and flatters me, and tells me of the ſincere friendſhip which the Vizier entertains for you: all this is intended to conceal ſome treachery; you will find it ſo, you may be aſſured.

ALM. Well, let us wait till time makes the diſcovery, and not add to the vexation of being its object, the pain of foreſeeing it.

JAF. This is your common prudence; you imagine you are a Philoſopher, while in fact, you are only the moſt indolent of all mankind.

ALM. You ſee only the dark ſide of things; you are perpetually ſuſpecting ambuſhes, ſnares, and conſpiracies; yet you know you have been a thouſand times deceived in forming ſuch conjectures, and ſtill you will perſevere.

JAF. Very well, the Vizier is delighted to ſee you ſo much in favour; he is happy at your having refuſed his Son; you are beloved by all the courtiers, nobody envies you!—in God's name have it ſo;—my fears are void of common ſenſe.

ALM. I am very ſenſible I have enemies, but I do not believe they are ſo bad nor ſo dangerous as you repreſent them. To hearken to you, it would ſeem as if the hatred with which I inſpire them, is the only ſentiment they feel; and the ſole buſineſs of their lives, is, to find the means of doing me an injury—, while I ſee nothing in ſuch ideas, but folly and exaggeration.

JAF. The Vizier is not a wicked man?—A man capable of going all lengths?——

ALM. No.———

JAF. No?———

ALM. I believe him to be diſtruſtful and jealous, but by no means deciſively wicked. He even poſſeſſes ſome eminent qualities; he is a man of good underſtanding and ſpirit, and diſcharges the duties of his employment with ability; in ſhort, he is a good ſervant to the Caliph.

JAF. And you think he does not deteſt you?

ALM. But do you know why he deteſts me? It is becauſe he does not know me. He reaſons and judges like a courtier, and looks upon me as an ambitious hypocrite. Why ſhould his hatred provoke me, ſince if I really were

what he ſuppoſes me to be, that hatred would be well founded?

JAF. And you imagine, that if he knew your real character, he would do you juſtice?

ALM. Yes, becauſe he would ceaſe to fear me.

JAF. At this rate, virtue will never excite jealouſy?

ALM. Let her be gentle and indulgent, let her ſeem diveſted of ambition and of pride, we will end in forgiving her the pre-eminence ſhe obtains.

JAF. In the mean time, they have miſtaken your character, hated and abuſed you theſe ten years.

ALM. It muſt be owned, that at court, the worthy man does not obtain the juſtice that is due to him, till after a time; but in the end, he muſt deſtroy prejudices, and confound impoſture; when, undoubtedly, the long expected triumph will be more pleaſing, and more ſenſibly felt.

JAF. Never, no, never can a triumph over the averſion of the wicked be expected: it is with regret I foreſee that you will one day become the victim of your own ſecurity, and the depravity of courtiers.

ALM. Depravity!—what an expreſſion!

JAF. Yes, I maintain it, they are all depraved, all corrupted.———

ALM. Undoubtedly, they have in general great and marked defects: but have they not likewiſe powerful excuſes? The diſſipated life

of a courtier, ſcarcely leaves him a moment for reflexion; and our principles and virtues can only be ſecured by reflexion. Beſides, to what kinds of ſeduction is not a man in office expoſed? He muſt at once gratify the avidity of his relations, friends, and followers. This mercenary crowd, by whom he is conſtantly beſet, are earneſtly employed to corrupt him by the meaneſt adulation; he never receives diſintereſted advice; the ſole converſation which he hears, is about ſchemes of aggrandiſement; they endeavour to direct his whole attention to honours and fortune; and, what is worſe, every one about him is earneſtly employed in repreſenting his particular enemies in the moſt odious colours; ſo that this unfortunate man never hears any thing applauded in a Miniſter, but pomp and magnificence, and favours profuſely ſcattered on his followers. Nobody will ſhew a ſufficient ſpirit to tell him, that in a high rank of life, the only ſign of true greatneſs is moderation, and the only enviable glory, the public eſteem. In ſhort, he is expoſed to more dangers than a ſovereign; like him, he has all the ſnares of flattery to dread, and, what is more, all the temptations of wealth and honours, and cannot have (eſpecially in the beginning of his adminiſtration) the love of the people, that paternal ſentiment which acts ſo powerfully in the heart of a good Prince. However, notwithſtanding ſo many hazards, for all that you ſay, Jaffier, the ten years that I have lived

at court, I have not ſeen one favourite who could with juſtice be called a bad man; I have ſeen much injuſtice and inconſiſtency; yet, generally, rather to be aſcribed to blindneſs and imbecility, than to wickedneſs. In a word, I have witneſſed many noble deeds, and generous proceedings, but never one baſe action.

JAF. Yes, in the morning they will do a noble action, and in the evening a mean one. They have neither character nor ſteadineſs in their ideas.

ALM. I grant you, they are not Philoſophers; every man who has not ſtudied and reformed himſelf, and laid down an invariable rule for his conduct, muſt be weak and inconſiſtent. Do you imagine, Jaffier, that if you and I had not ſpent a part of our lives in ſolitude and meditation, we ſhould be what we now are? Undoubtedly we ſhould not. Let us therefore excuſe the faults of thoſe who, by being thrown into the vortex of a court in their early days, have been prevented from making thoſe reflexions to which we owe the ſolidity of our principles. Perhaps we ought rather to be ſurpriſed at their having ſo many good qualities!—However, I am perſuaded that there are ſome ſouls of a ſuperior caſt, who, without the help of education, and notwithſtanding they are expoſed to the influence of bad example, can exalt themſelves above every thing with which they are beſet; and you may depend upon it, Jaffier, that among thoſe

courtiers, the objects of your contempt, there are ſome truly eſtimable; and their good qualities are the more worthy of admiration, as they are indebted for them ſolely to the excellence of their natural diſpoſition.

JAF. You will at leaſt allow, that virtue is rarely to be met with in a court, and is there ſurrounded with ſhoals and dangers; yet, in this accurſed reſidence you have conſented to educate the young Prince!

ALM. What, would you have me educate him in a deſart? he who muſt one day guide and govern men, a knowledge of whom is of courſe the moſt important leſſon he can be taught!———

JAF. In your place, I would not have undertaken ſuch a charge, or I would have had leave to inſtruct him at a diſtance from intrigue and flattery.

ALM. In ſolitude, muſt not I have been obliged to warn him againſt the dangers that are to be found at court? and what information can be of equal value with a ſingle obſervation? With an attentive, vigilant, and upright governor, a Prince can be no where ſo well educated as at court: It is there alone, that all the arts of courtiers can be expoſed, where their little artifices may be ſo eaſily penetrated; it is there that he may be inſtructed, ſo as to prevent his becoming a dupe to deſigning men; to deteſt vice when expoſed to his view, and ſtill more, by the means of contraſt, to

cheriſh virtue, when he ſees the example ſet before his eyes.

JAF. I allow that you have diſcharged your duty as well as you could in ſuch a ſituation; but your work is ſtill imperfect, and it is doubtful whether you will be permitted to finiſh it.———

ALM. How can I be prevented?——If no longer permitted to remain the Prince's governor, I ſhall not, on that account, ceaſe to be his friend; he will always conſult me; I ſhall give him my advice, and muſt ever preſerve that influence over his mind, which cannot fail to ſecure his confidence, eſteem and gratitude.

JAF. So, Almanzor, you propoſe then never to forſake the court? What, will you abandon for ever all hopes of a peaceful retreat; that precious reward of the toils of man; a happineſs which has been often preferred even to glory, and is the ultimate wiſh of the philoſopher? After having dedicated fifteen years to the ſervice of our country, is it not reaſonable to live at laſt for ourſelves, and, breaking thoſe honourable but heavy chains, retire in ſolitude to find liberty and peace, the only real good this world affords?———

ALM. Who, I, Jaffier? ſhall I prefer repoſe to the happineſs of being uſeful in the cauſe of humanity? With the power of ſerving my country to the end of my courſe, ſhall I meanly abandon its intereſts? No, no! that ſacred debt, which I contracted with my country at

my birth, cannot be diſcharged but by dedicating my whole life to its ſervice; this is the ſtation allotted me by Heaven, that has deigned to preſerve to me an uncorrupted mind, even in this place, where undoubtedly I ought to remain. Doth not Providence, in beſtowing the friendſhip of a Sovereign upon a man of truth and honour, ſeem to impoſe upon him the obligation of cultivating it to the laſt, for his own glory and the happineſs of the human race? And are ten years of the moſt agreeable repoſe, to be compared with the delicious ſatisfaction of preventing even one act of injuſtice? O, Jaffier, for a noble and a feeling heart, how glorious and important is the place which I at preſent occupy! What an exalted employment is that of forming the principles and character of a Sovereign, who is one day to reign over a whole people! Every juſt idea which I communicate to my pupil; every virtue which I impreſs upon his young heart, are ſo many benefits which I diffuſe over my country; it is my country that muſt reap the happy fruit of all my cares and vigilance. What muſt my tranſports be, if in my old age, I can ſay to myſelf, "Vathek is good and juſt; 'tis to him "his people owe their happineſs; and his ſuc-"ceſs, his glory, and his virtues, are the work "of my hands!——"

JAF. Well, my dear Almanzor, for the happineſs of that country which is ſo dear to you, let me adviſe you to fear, leſt envy ſhould wreſt from you the favour and credit which you at

preſent enjoy. Do not deſpiſe my advice; but be aſſured, that ſome black conſpiracy is meditating againſt you.———

ALM. Being certain that it is always in my power to juſtify myſelf, what accuſation have I to dread?

JAF. At leaſt let me beg of you to be more prudent: for example, why do you allow Oſmin to converſe with the young Prince in private? Oſmin is the ſon of the Vizier; you have juſt refuſed Zulica to him, and you may expect that he will uſe every effort to injure you in the mind of the Prince.

ALM. That will be a vain attempt.——I can depend upon the heart of Vathek. I think as you do, that Oſmin, guided by his father, is attempting to make a tool of Vathek; I obſerved that he was deſirous to have a converſation with him in ſecret.

JAF. And you have left them together!

ALM. Yes, that I may diſcover this myſtery; for certainly Vathek will inform me.

JAF. You depend too much upon your own virtue, Almanzor; this confidence will prove your ruin.

ALM. No, never let a man of honour defend himſelf againſt intrigue, by intrigues.—And, after all, if they ſhould ſupplant me, I ſhall have the teſtimony of my own conſcience, and the recollection of what I have done, for my conſolation. With ſuch a recompence no diſgrace can be oppreſſive, and

no baniſhment rigorous.—But I hear ſomebody coming; O, it is the Prince.

JAF. Obſerve, Oſmin ſtill follows him.—

ALM. Let us give him time to explain himſelf; come along.

SCENE II.

VATHEK, ALMANZOR, OSMIN, JAFFIER.

VAT. [ſtopping Almanzor.] Why do you go away, Almanzor?

ALM. My Lord, I have obſerved, ever ſince morning, that Oſmin has been deſirous to talk with you in private, and I want to give him an opportunity.

VAT. Where are you going?

ALM. Into the great gallery, my Lord.

VAT. I ſhall very ſoon join you.

[Almanzor and Jaffier go out.]

SCENE III.

VATHEK, OSMIN.

OSM. Yes, my Lord, I proteſt to you that my father demanded Zulica, without acquainting me. When he informed me of Almanzor's refuſal, I concluded that Zulica was reſerved for you; and knowing the ex-

ceſs of your paſſion, I betrayed your ſecret, on purpoſe to ſerve you. My father is in your intereſt, my Lord, and will employ all his credit with the Caliph to favour your love; ſo that you may conceive the juſteſt hopes. Why then, my Lord, this dull melancholy look?

VAT. It is becauſe the confidence you have obtained from me, is not altogether voluntary. Yeſterday you wreſted from me the ſecret of my paſſion for Zulica; this day, being perſuaded that you were my rival, and guilty of the blackeſt perfidy, rage and reſentment made me deſirous of an explanation; you have ſatisfied me, Oſmin; you are juſtified; I have acknowledged my injuſtice towards you, but I am chiefly ſorry of having accuſed you of diſſimulation in the preſence of my father; the injury I have done you, gives you a particular title to my friendſhip; but ſtill, Oſmin, it is againſt my inclination that you know all my ſecrets; and I own to you, I feel ſome remorſe for having entruſted you with what I was afraid to tell Almanzor. It is to him alone I owe an intire confidence, ſince 'tis he only who can inſtruct and guide me.

OSM. This delicacy, my Lord, is worthy of you; but you have no occaſion to reproach yourſelf, for you may depend upon it, Almanzor has read it in your heart.

VAT. I believe ſo too—And do you think it poſſible that he ſhould favour me?

Osm. Does not his conduct prove it?

Vat. That is true.——With what steadiness he rejected the Vizier's offer, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction so visible in my father, and without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a refusal!——I even recollect that his manner was constrained and embarrassed.——O Zulica, can it be possible!——Alas, the idea of what I must suffer, if I am to sacrifice this pleasing error, that cruel apprehension, deprives me of all the charms which hope can give! Ah, I must see Almanzor; I will advise with him.—

Osm. Take care how you do that, my Lord; you will lose Zulica irrecoverably.

Vat. And why so?

Osm. Almanzor cannot act agreeably to your wishes; he has plainly shewn that he approves your passion; the father of Zulica favours it in secret, but the governor of the Prince must condemn it; he avoids being in your confidence, because he must be obliged to advise you contrary to your passion.

Vat. Very true; else why should he always so carefully decline speaking to me of Zulica?——Yet I cannot think that Almanzor has so much indulgence for a weakness.——Osmin, if you suspect him of ambition, you do him great injustice.

Osm. I suspect Almanzor of ambition! My Lord, I know his character well, and my father has often extolled to me, that austere virtue by which it is distinguished.——

VAT. Is the Vizier very ſincere?

OSM. Yes, my Lord, he admires, he loves Almanzor.

VAT. He was formerly his enemy.

OSM. But, my Lord, he this day demanded Zulica in marriage; and this evening he has given me his promiſe to ſerve you.———

VAT. Almanzor will not conſent.

OSM. My Lord, Almanzor is a philoſopher, ſuperior to vulgar prejudices; and ſees in Zulica all thoſe qualities which can render you happy. It is not from ambition that he wiſhes her to be your wife, but to ſecure the happineſs of your life; it is not his daughter that he wiſhes to raiſe to that high rank, but it is the perſon who, in his eſtimation, as well as ours, ſeems the moſt deſerving of that honour.

VAT. If Almanzor does not blame my paſſion, certainly theſe muſt be his motives, and his ſentiments. Well, my dear Oſmin, what ſhall I do, what part ſhall I take?

OSM. My Lord, you muſt declare your love to the Caliph.———

VAT. To my father? I never ſhall have courage.

OSM. The Princeſs, his mother, loves Zulica; convinced, that ſhe muſt always preſerve the beſt founded claim to her gratitude, ſhe earneſtly wiſhes her to be your wife; and the Caliph will conſult nobody but her and my father, ſo that———

VAT. But are you certain that I may depend upon the Vizier?

OSM. If you cannot truſt his promiſe, my Lord, you may depend upon its being his intereſt to ſerve you; and by this ſingle obligation, he will ſecure not only your favour, but likewiſe the favour of your wife, and the friendſhip of Almanzor.

VAT. You convince me——but however, I cannot reſolve to take ſuch an important ſtep, without the knowledge of Almanzor.—

OSM. My Lord, he cannot give his conſent to it———

VAT. And if I excite my father's anger againſt him?——

OSM. If you act in concert with Almanzor, you may indeed provoke the Caliph; but he will ſee nothing in your conduct, but the natural effect of an inſurmountable paſſion.—

VAT. Well, I am reſolved; I will ſpeak to him.——

OSM. You may, my Lord, with the greater confidence, as he already ſuſpects your love, and does not ſeem ſurpriſed at it.—

VAT. How!

OSM. It is not without deſign that I led you hither, my Lord; the Caliph is coming here.

VAT. O heavens, Oſmin! how have you involved me!———Ah, let me conſult Almanzor.

OSM. Well, go then, my Lord, I no longer deſire to oppoſe you; perhaps, in fact, it is

more prudent to renounce Zulica; if that is your deſign, I am very far from diſſuading you.

VAT. Renounce her!——no, I cannot.——My father coming; and will the Vizier be with him?

OSM. Yes, my Lord; and I intreated my father to employ all his addreſs to ſound the Caliph, and to bring him hither.——

VAT. Oh, my God!——

OSM. In ſhort, my Lord, I have agreed upon a ſignal with my father, by which he can inform me of the diſpoſition of the Caliph, on purpoſe either to encourage you to ſpeak, or to diſſuade you from it.——

VAT. So then, I find I am entirely under your guidance!——

OSM. My Lord, I ſee you are in tears.—You have only to abandon a project which perhaps is a raſh one, and pardon the exceſs of a zeal, which undoubtedly was indiſcreet.——

VAT. Almanzor!——Alas! it ſeems to me, that I am going to betray him, and ruin myſelf!——

OSM. Come, my Lord, let us go to him.—

VAT. It is now too late.——

OSM. I hear a noiſe.——

VAT. O heavens! it is my father!——

OSM. My Lord, how are you determined?

VAT. O Zulica!——Oſmin, I ſhall follow your advice.

OSM. Here comes the Caliph.

VAT. Oſmin, watch your father's motions attentively.

OSM. Yes, my Lord.

SCENE IV.

The CALIPH, The VIZIER, VATHEK, OSMIN.

VAT. [aſide.] I tremble!

CAL. [at the bottom of the ſtage, aſide, to the Vizier.] Yes, I will reſtrain myſelf, I promiſe you.

OSM. [low, to the Prince.] My Lord, my father, by his ſignal, ſays you may ſpeak. Farewell, ſummon up all your courage.——

[He goes out.]

VAT. [aſide.] What ſhall I ſay?—How ſhall I conduct myſelf?————Ah! without Almanzor I cannot ſtep with ſafety!——

CAL. [advancing.] Oſmin has juſt left you, my ſon; I obſerve, that in company you are enraged againſt him, and immediately after, you hold a long converſation together.

VAT. It is true, my Lord.

CAL. From whence then, does your anger againſt Oſmin proceed?

VAT. My Lord, it is diſpelled; I have acknowledged my injuſtice.

CAL. But what was the occaſion?

VIZ. Speak, my Lord; ſpeak with confidence, to the beſt of Fathers.

VAT. [throwing himſelf at the feet of the Caliph.] Ah, my Lord, I implore your indulgence, your pity!—It is true, O my Father, that I have preſumed to yield to a paſſion which you undoubtedly will diſapprove.

CAL. You love Zulica?

VAT. Yes, my Lord, I own it.

CAL. [coldly.] Riſe up.

VAT. [aſide.] What ſeverity in his looks!—

VIZ. [aſide.] At laſt the blow is ſtruck! my project ſucceeds.———

CAL. You love Zulica!——And how long have you loved her?

VIZ. Probably, from his infancy.

VAT. [aſide.] Undoubtedly the Vizier adviſes me to give that anſwer.—Alas, I do not know what to ſay?———

CAL. Why don't you anſwer?

VAT. My Lord—I have loved her ever ſince I knew myſelf.

VIZ. [to the Caliph.] It muſt be owned, my Lord, that Zulica, by her charms, her virtues and accompliſhments, fully juſtifies the paſſion of the Prince: it is ſaid, that Almanzor has taken peculiar pains to form her underſtanding and her manners; the Prince found in her, all the inſtruction which he himſelf received; for beauty alone could not have ſeduced him; that triumph was reſerved for the aſſemblage of all thoſe extraordinary qualities which ſhine in Zulica.

CAL. Go, my Son, go and find Almanzor; bring him hither; I will explain my ſentiments to you in his preſence; but I enjoin you to ſay nothing of my purpoſe.

VAT. My Lord, I will obey.——But can I hope for pardon?——

CAL. I have neither anger nor reſentment againſt you.

VAT. Alas, my Lord, may I ſpeak it? your anger would perhaps leſs affect me than this diſtant and ſevere reſerve.

CAL. 'Tis enough. Go and find Almanzor.

VAT. [aſide.] Ah, I am ruined.——O my dear Almanzor, what have I done!——

[He goes out.]

SCENE V.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER.

VIZ. Well, my Lord, you ſee I am not deceived in my conjectures.——Notwithſtanding my eſteem for Almanzor, when my ſon informed me of the manner in which the young Prince behaved to him in his firſt emotions, I plainly perceived that love alone was the cauſe, and that this love was the work of Almanzor. You have heard the Prince declare he has loved Zulica from his infancy; Almanzor is too penetrating not to have obſerved it in a young heart which has been

formed by himſelf; he has not oppoſed this growing paſſion, but, on the contrary, ſeems to have employed his whole attention to give it ſtrength, and then with diſdain rejects my alliance, without aſſigning any reaſon for his refuſal; upon which, the Prince, guided ſolely by him, acquaints you with his paſſion!—Is it poſſible after this to doubt of the ambition and raſh projects of Almanzor?

Cal. Spare yourſelf the trouble of collecting all theſe circumſtances, they preſent themſelves unſought for to my mind. I expect Almanzor, and I will not judge him without a hearing.

Viz. What can he ſay, my Lord, in his vindication?

Cal. Whatever appearances may be, we ought to hear before we condemn; that is undoubtedly the firſt duty of him who has the power to puniſh. Did I not juſt now ſee Boulaſki; did I not hear what he had to ſay? Though I had ſeen the proof of his perfidy written with his own hand, yet the thought of its being poſſible that the character might be forged, made me reſolve to hear him; and now that I have heard the confeſſion of his guilt from his own mouth, my mind is at eaſe.—Shall I do leſs for Almanzor, for a friend whom I have loved ſo long?—I, who would not ſlightly condemn only in my own mind, the meaneſt of my ſubjects?———

Viz. My Lord, I ſee that the exceſs of my zeal has only ſerved to lead me aſtray. I ima-

gined ſuch information might be uſeful; but I have attended leſs to prudence than to my duty.—Almanzor will deny that he knew of the Prince's paſſion, and———

CAL. And you think it will be eaſy for him to impoſe upon me? You attack only my underſtanding, and have no apprehenſions but from the goodneſs of my heart: I pardon you without heſitation. But you may depend upon it, that if his defence reſts only upon the pretended ignorance of my ſon's ſentiments, I will not believe him, for I am certain he muſt have known them.

VIZ. Well, and what other reaſon can he give?

CAL. I do not know; but, in one word, I wiſh him to defend himſelf.—Here he comes.

VIZ. Shall I retire, my Lord?

CAL. No, remain here.—It is he, [aſide.] —O God, if I am worthy of having a friend, may Almanzor be able to juſtify himſelf!

VIZ. [aſide.] In ſpite of me, I am uneaſy at this explanation.

CAL. Here he comes, I am exceedingly diſturbed.———

SCENE VI.

The CALIPH, the VIZIER, ALMANZOR, VATHEK.

VAT. [aſide.] Alas, I can ſcarcely breathe!

CAL. Come, Almanzor.—Has my ſon ſaid any thing to you?

ALM. No, my Lord; but I obſerve diſtreſs in his countenance, the cauſe of which I hope you will deign to explain.

CAL. Almanzor!—Is it certain that you are without diſquiet?

ALM. My Lord, you are agitated——the Prince trembles; I ſee he is in tears. I can plainly perceive that ſome attempt has been made to injure me with you, and perhaps I can gueſs the whole truth.——But, my Lord, before I offer to juſtify myſelf by facts, permit me to remind you, that for ten years Almanzor has been honoured with the title of your friend; has not your own great ſoul, my Lord, juſtified me in ſecret? Do you think it poſſible that an ambitious hypocrite could feign ſincerity, moderation, and diſintereſtedneſs for ten years together?—No, my Lord, I am not intimidated; I ſhall only be ſurpriſed and afflicted if you can doubt my fidelity.

CAL. No, I do not doubt; no, my dear Almanzor.——I am not afraid to own to you, that I have been uneaſy ſeveral times this day

by a number of concurring circumſtances, which ſeemed to depoſe againſt you; but ſtill friendſhip overcame diſtruſt, and at this moment, convinced of your innocence, I only deſire an explanation, that I may ſee you triumph in the eyes of the world.

VIZ. [aſide.] I can ſcarce reſtrain myſelf.—

VAT. O my father!———

CAL. Speak then, my dear Almanzor.—My ſon loves Zulica; he has acknowledged it to me.———

ALM. My Lord, I pray you pardon this imprudence, which has not originated with himſelf; it is certainly the effect of bad counſels.———

CAL. But was his love unknown to you?

ALM. No, my Lord; I have known it from the beginning.———

VIZ. [aſide.] After this what can he poſſibly ſay to vindicate himſelf?——

CAL. And you have refuſed Zulica to the ſon of the Vizier.—Almanzor, you may have your choice in my court, of a huſband for Zulica, and I deſire her hand for whomſoever you think moſt deſerving; but I inſiſt upon your choice being declared this day.

VAT. [aſide.] Ah! my God!——

ALM. My Lord, it is impoſſible for me to obey you.

VAT. [aſide.] What do I hear!——

VIZ. [low to the Caliph.] Well, my Lord, does not this exceſſive preſumption open your eyes?

CAL. [after a ſhort ſilence.] Yes, friendſhip informs me Almanzor has diſcharged his duty; Zulica is no longer free.———

ALM. [throwing himſelf at the Caliph's feet.] O thou beſt of princes; when every appearance was againſt me, you alone have the penetration to ſee into the truth which juſtifies me!———

VIZ. How is this!———

VAT. What? Zulica.——

ALM. Zulica has been privately married to Nadir, the ſon of Jaffier, theſe two months.

VAT. O heavens!———

CAL. Dear Almanzor!———

VIZ. [aſide.] What an unexpected ſtroke!

CAL. Ah! my ſon!—he turns pale, he ſtaggers.———

ALM. [ſupporting him in his arms.] Ah, my Lord!

VAT. [to Almanzor.] Cruel man, leave me!

ALM. [to Vathek.] What, my Lord, would you by a ſhameful weakneſs diſappoint the hopes I have conceived from your growing virtues?—Can that which juſtifies me, occaſion deſpair in you? Is love ſtronger in your heart than friendſhip, than gratitude? Yes, gratitude, my Lord, I dare repeat it, 'tis what you owe me: a boundleſs attachment ſhould inſpire ſuch a ſentiment.

VAT. Almanzor, if I can acquit myſelf by loving you, you will have no cauſe to reproach me; but give me leave at leaſt, to ſhed thoſe tears I can no longer reſtrain.

VIZ. To conclude all; Almanzor, know your accuſer; it was I who believed you guilty —it was I who impeached you.——

VAT. [aſide.] What perfidy!

ALM. [to the Vizier.] You did your duty.

CAL. And I will do mine.—But, Almanzor, proceed and ſatisfy my curioſity; why did you conceal from me the marriage of Zulica?

ALM. My Lord, the Princeſs, your mother, deſired I would ſpare you the vexation of making you acquainted with the Prince's weakneſs; you left me abſolute maſter of the deſtiny of my daughter; for a long time I was reſolved to give her to Nadir, and as he has but little fortune, I own I was afraid that your kindneſs to me would make you diſapprove of the match; but ſo ſoon as I perceived the error of the Prince, I cauſed Nadir to return privately; he married Zulica, and immediately departed. Regard for the Prince, made me think it would be proper to conceal the marriage for ſome time. Zulica was ſoon to have followed her huſband, but her departure was delayed by the illneſs of the Princeſs your mother; however, a day was at laſt fixed, we had found a pretence for her journey, and I propoſed, after ſome months abſence, to declare the truth.

CAL. But my ſon, you told me that you loved Zulica from your infancy?

VAT. My Lord, I will no longer conceal any thing from you; I thought the Vizier was in my intereſt, but he exaſperated you, and deceived me.——

VIZ. My Lord!———

VAT. [to the Vizier.] At leaſt ſpare your interruption.—I only mean that you ſhould be known; I might perhaps have been deſirous of another kind of vengeance, but you have nothing to fear; Almanzor has taught me to pardon treachery, and nothing was wanting to his glory but to ſee me generous. You may be eaſy; that ſingle idea has the moſt powerful effect upon me, and ſhall guard me from anger and reſentment.

VIZ. [aſide.] This is too much, I cannot endure ſuch contempt!— He moves ſome ſteps to go away.]

CAL. [to the Vizier.] Stop and hear him; you ſhall anſwer afterwards.

VIZ. [aſide.] What terrible conſtraint!

VAT. Deceived by an artful queſtion from the Vizier, which I imagined was intended as advice, I told you, my Lord, that I had loved Zulica from my infancy; and, without knowing it, I by this anſwer, made Almanzor appear more guilty in your eyes; but this unhappy paſſion is only of three months ſtanding, and it was Oſmin, the ſon of the Vizier, who firſt made me know it; if it had not been for him, perhaps I ſhould never have ventured to own it to myſelf. Oſmin always praiſing Zulica; ſpeaking of nothing but her charms and her virtues, let me know that he ſuſpected my ſentiments. I heard him at firſt with indifference, then with perplexity, but afterwards his diſcourſe gave me inexpreſſible diſquiet.

He taught me to know that I was in love; he did ſtill more, he extorted from me the confeſſion of it. Yeſterday, being overcome by his importunity, I entruſted him with that unhappy ſecret, which he was anxious to obtain for no purpoſe but immediately to reveal it. In ſhort, this very day, my Lord, he preſſed me moſt earneſtly, to declare my ſentiments to you, perſuading me to conceal this proceeding from Almanzor, and at the ſame time, promiſing that the Vizier ſhould ſupport me with all his credit. This, my Lord, is the exact truth.

CAL. I obſerve, my ſon, that the inſinuations of Oſmin have been the principal cauſe of your weakneſs. It is in this manner that courtiers frequently flatter the paſſions of Princes, and even are the cauſe of them, that they may either become their confidants, or ſecure their own ſucceſs in ſome ſecret intrigue.

VIZ. [to the Caliph.] My Lord, I plainly foreſee my diſgrace; deign to declare your pleaſure; I am prepared to meet my fate, and hope at leaſt to ſuffer with courage.

ALM. [to the Caliph.] Ah, my Lord, think of the ſervices of the Vizier; recollect that his valour has more than once been uſeful to the ſtate; he has ſhed his blood for you; he has diſcharged the duties of the employment with which you have honoured him, moſt nobly; ſhall his particular diſlike of one man, annihilate the merit of ſo many illuſtrious actions in your eyes? What is it to the ſtate, that the

Vizier hates Almanzor?—Beſides, his hatred was only founded in error; he thought me capable of mad ambition, but in time he will know, my Lord, that the reputation of being a man of honour, and the friendſhip of ſuch a Prince as you, is ſufficient to gratify the ambition of an elevated mind. But my zeal tranſports and miſleads me; it has made me for a moment forget that I am ſpeaking to the moſt equitable and enlightened of Princes, and that to him ſuch counſels are unneceſſary.

Cal. [to the Vizier.] Such has ever been the language of Almanzor in your favour, and even at the very time when you were giving vent to your hatred againſt him! His honour and his generoſity procure him ſufficient vengeance againſt his enemies——I owe gratitude for your ſervices; continue your employment, and if you ſtill wiſh for the friendſhip of your ſovereign, imitate Almanzor; he has ſet you an example of thoſe virtues by which it is to be obtained. And you, my ſon, follow me to my mother; ſhew her that you have courage which ſhe could not have expected at your age, yet might have been hoped for from the cares of Almanzor. Come and ſee Zulica for the laſt time, bid her farewell, and promiſe to love the valuable huſband whom ſhe has choſen; in ſhort, come and prove by a generous command of your own paſſions, that you will one day be worthy to reign.

Vat. Yes, my Lord, you revive my ſoul.—

How mean ſhould I be, if, between my father and Almanzor, I ſhould be found deficient in courage and generoſity. They inſpire me with thoſe virtues which they teach!—Yes, I will ſee Zulica without weakneſs; I will love the huſband of Zulica!—Can I envy the happineſs of Nadir!—Nadir, who was ſo dear to me!—Nadir, who never ſpoke to me but the language of truth.—Come, my Lord, I burn with impatience to follow you.———

CAL. Come, my ſon; come, my dear Almanzor.———

VAT. [aſide, in going out.] O Zulica! I will at leaſt prove to you that I was not unworthy of your love! [They go out.]

SCENE VII.

The VIZIER, [alone after a ſhort ſilence.]

So then, the fruit of all my politics and intrigues, hath been a ſplendid triumph for Almanzor!—He has overturned all my ideas.—Muſt plain and ſteady probity always defeat the deepeſt plots of art?—and is there no way of being happy but by being upright?—My ſon!——I have ruined him with the Prince, and for ſome time muſt move him to a diſtance from court.——Let me go and find him.——May this ſad proof ſtrike him as it has me,

and convince him that the man of virtue and rectitude cannot fail to disconcert and defeat evasion, intrigue, envy, and hatred.

[He goes out.]

THE END.

THE

FALSE FRIENDS,

A

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE PERSONS.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Lord WINFORD, his ſon.

Marquis of WALWORTH.

DORSET, } Friends of Lord Winford.
WILMORE, }

DANIEL, Lord Winford's valet-de-chambre.

PETER, Lord Winford's running-footman.

Scene is in the Earl's houſe, in Paris.

THE FALSE FRIENDS, A COMEDY.

—The friendſhips of the world are oft'
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure.
CATO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Stage repreſents a Saloon.

DANIEL, PETER.

DANIEL, [holding a paper.]

SO, Peter, this is your accompt which you was ſo unwilling to give me; you was afraid that I would examine it too cloſely, and no

doubt would have been much better pleaſed to have ſettled it with my Lord.

PET. To be ſure, it is beſt to have only to do with our maſters.———

DAN. Yes, no doubt, eſpecially when they happen to be only juſt of age; they don't look quite ſo narrowly into their affairs as an old affectionate valet de chambre: is it not ſo?—But let us ſee this accompt.——

PET. You will pleaſe to take notice, Mr. Daniel, that it is the expence of two months.—

DAN. [He puts on his Spectacles.] Yes, yes.—[He reads aloud] For a noſegay of artificial roſes, nine ſhillings.——The twelfth, for two branches of hyacinth, three ſhillings.—The twentieth, for ſix anemonies.——By heavens, you have a great love for flowers!

PET. Yet for all that they do not exceed five guineas.———

DAN. To be ſure, that is but a trifle.——Come, come, we muſt have patience. [He continues to read.] For ſix pair of ſilk ſtockings, two pounds fourteen ſhillings.——For eight pair of ſhoes embroidered with ſpangles, three pounds twelve ſhillings.——For a roſe-coloured feather—for a white feather—for a black and blue plume, four guineas.—What the devil is all this! the keeping a fine girl would not be more expenſive, than keeping you at this rate! What folly!——

PET. I aſſure you, however, that I am a very great œconomiſt; only aſk Mr. Wilmore what Roſeville, his running-footman, coſts him, and you will ſee the difference.

DAN. Well, I ſhould think that he might do without a running-footman.——

PET. That is eaſily ſaid, but happily all the world don't think as you do: I would have you to know, Mr. Daniel, that a young Lord, now a days, without a huntſman and a running-footman, is a body without a ſoul.—Mr. Wilmore, that he might keep Roſeville, parted with the beſt cook in all Paris. I am ſure of that.

DAN. I ſuppoſe his gueſts will not approve of the ſacrifice. But huſh, I hear the Earl's voice.—Go and wait for me in my chamber, I will be with you preſently.——[Peter goes out.] What pleaſure can there be in ſpending two hundred pounds a year upon ſuch an uſeleſs animal as that fellow!———

SCENE II.

Earl FAULKLAND, the MARQUIS, DANIEL.

E. FAUL. Daniel, go and ſee how my ſon is employed, and learn from him what his purpoſes are for the day.

DAN. Yes, my Lord. [He goes out.]

MAR. I beg of you, my dear Lord, that you will be diſcreet; do not ſpeak to him of the ſigning the articles; I propoſe to myſelf a very ſingular pleaſure in enjoying his ſurprize.——

E. Faul. Certainly his joy will be equal to your's. His love for your charming daughter is inexpreſſible.———

Mar. And Eugenia, for her part, prefers him to all the world.

E. Faul. I am perſuaded ſhe will never repent of having condeſcended to make him the object of her choice. My ſon is not without his faults, and I have not concealed them from you: the exceſſive gentleneſs of his temper makes him ſometimes too eaſily led away, and the goodneſs of his heart, often expoſes him to dangerous credulity. His matchleſs candour and ſincerity lead him to judge of others from himſelf; he not only ſuſpects no one of diſhoneſty, but ſcarcely thinks that ſuch a mean vice exiſts. Such a degree of candour no doubt expoſes him to great inconveniences; but this valuable quality is ſo eſtimable and engaging, that it is only with the moſt delicate caution that any attempt ſhould be made to moderate its exceſs. Nothing is ſo diſguſting to the youthful mind as diſtruſt, and he who at twenty ſees mankind what they really are, will be a determined miſanthrope at forty. However, as the moſt important leſſon is to be ingenuous, I have been at pains to inculcate it; yet, at the ſame time, I have not concealed from him, that there are perverſe corrupted minds to be met with in the world; but conſidering the purity of his heart, I have but ſlightly glanced at thoſe cruel and horrid pictures, thoſe afflicting

and frequently exaggerated details, which only ſerve to blacken the ideas, and contaminate the mind of the young man for whoſe inſtruction they are intended.

MAR. I think as you do, and the conformity of our ſentiments on education, was the firſt motive which determined me to make you the offer of my daughter. You dealt ſo honourably with me as to acquaint me with your ſon's faults, and particularly the growing paſſion he ſeemed to have for play, which occaſioned our impoſing an eighteen months teſt of his forbearance. A year of this agreement has already elapſed, and I am ſo affected with the punctuality with which he has kept his word, his attachment to Eugenia, and the friendſhip he teſtifies for me, that I am reſolved no longer to defer his happineſs; beſides, you have aſſured me that he never had a real paſſion for play.———

E. FAUL. Yes, he played only from faſhion and from foible. He is well informed, and can employ his time rationally; he has a good underſtanding, and elevated ſentiments, and with ſuch qualities people rarely become profeſſed gameſters. But at his entering into the world, he found the taſte for play ſo general, he ſaw ſo many people plume themſelves on the reputation of playing deep, and in fact, without any other merit, being well received and courted in the beſt company, that want of reflection, ſo common at his age, bad example, and a childiſh vanity, eaſily got the better of his own reaſon and my counſels.

MAR. Truly, they muſt have but very little reflection, who can be ſeduced by the ſuppoſed eſtimation which gameſters conceive themſelves to hold in ſociety. Their company is deſired, not for their agreeable talents, or the charms of their converſation; but to place them round a table, to win their money, and if poſſible, to ruin them; theſe are the only motives for their being courted. Their vanity muſt be very ingenious who can be proud of a ſucceſs which is only the effect of ſuch a cauſe.

E. FAUL. In ſhort, my ſon, at preſent, thinks on that ſubject as we do; I am certain, that for a whole year he has not played once; but it is likewiſe true, that he has had few opportunities of being tempted. He was upon his travels laſt winter; he then paſſed four months with his regiment in a garriſon, where play did not prevail: he has been only two months returned to Paris; therefore, to confirm his converſion, perhaps it will be right to wait the return of ſpring, and let him paſs the winter.———

MAR. My dear Lord, I perfectly underſtand your delicacy, and that exact and ſcrupulous probity, which always inſpires you with a dread of abuſing the confidence that is placed in you: for my part, I am without the leaſt apprehenſion, and will no longer defer a union from which I expect all the happineſs of my life. Your ſon is become as dear to me as he can be to you; I find but one thing blameable in his conduct, and I intended to conſult you

upon that head; it is the intimate connection he keeps up with two giddy young people, who don't appear to me to deſerve his friendſhip.

E. FAUL. You mean Wilmore and Dorſet?

MAR. The ſame; eſpecially the firſt, who is a profeſſed gameſter; but they are both ſo ſilly and ſelf-ſufficient!———

E. FAUL. I own it; but my ſon is now of age; he has been uſed to company from four years old, I cannot hinder him from living with young people of his own age; he has been much ſought after by Dorſet and Wilmore, who, at leaſt by their birth, make a part of what is called good company; beſides, my ſon is perſuaded that in them he has two ſincere friends. It would be a vain attempt to diſſuade him, and therefore I reſolved to encourage both of them to come to my houſe, that my ſon may gradually obſerve the ſtriking follies which ſo abound in them, and I hope by this method imperceptibly to open his eyes.

MAR. Well, I truſt entirely to you, and perſiſt in my deſign for this evening.

E. FAUL. Have you reflected ſufficiently?

MAR. Yes, yes, I am abſolutely determined, and I am now going to my lawyer.——

E. FAUL. I am overjoyed I own.——

MAR. I look upon this day as the moſt pleaſing of my life.———

E. FAUL. And my ſon!—what muſt his tranſports be!———

MAR. But I pray you, let us be cautious.——

E. FAUL. Don't be uneaſy. I warrant you. ——

MAR. You will call upon me preciſely at eight o'clock, to bring me—here?

E. FAUL. What, will not the explanation be made in the preſence of Eugenia?

MAR. By no means; her modeſt timidity is not unknown to you; it is her deſire that the ſecret may be revealed to your ſon at your houſe; undoubtedly ſhe is afraid leſt ſhe ſhould appear too much affected upon the occaſion; let us ſpare her delicacy.——

E. FAUL. Ah! my Lord, the ſource is too pure not to be reſpected!—this amiable baſhfulneſs is the moſt captivating grace with which a woman can be embelliſhed; it is the certain pledge of virtue and innocence. Coquetry, in attempting to pleaſe or ſeduce, is frequently obliged to aſſume its appearance, and the moſt refined art chiefly conſiſts in being able to counterfeit it.

MAR. Well, I will go and let my daughter know that every thing is ſettled according to her deſire.——But did I ſhew you the nuptial preſent I have deſtined for your ſon?

E. FAUL. No, my Lord.

MAR. 'Tis the picture of Eugenia; it is finely executed, but before I give it him, I want to know if he will be pleaſed with the likeneſs. But we will talk of that by the by; farewell till the evening.——

E. FAUL. I will certainly be with you before eight o'clock. [The Marquis goes out.]

E. FAUL. [alone.] Worthy man!—What a happineſs for me to obtain ſuch a father-in-law, and ſuch a charming wife for my ſon!

SCENE III.

Earl FAULKLAND, DANIEL.

E. FAUL. Well, Daniel, what does my ſon ſay are his engagements for the day?

DAN. By my faith, my Lord, it was no eaſy matter to come at the knowledge of that; there is Mr. Dorſet, and Mr. Wilmore with him, who make ſuch a rout in his chamber.———

E. FAUL. Well, is he preparing to go abroad?

DAN. Yes, my Lord, they are going to the Little Dunkirk to buy buckles and buttons; and then to Boulogne-wood, and then to tennis, where they are to dine and dreſs: after that they go to the Italian Comedy, from thence to the Coliſée, from that to the Rope-Dancers, then ſup at the Palais Royal, and conclude the day at the Opera.

E. FAUL. Upon my word, there ſeems to be complete employment for one day!——

DAN. Yes, indeed; but there were ſo many particulars that I have forgot two or three—

they talked of having a reveillon * after the ball.——

E. Faul. Go, and deſire my ſon to come to me.——

Dan. He told me, that before he goes out he will wait upon your Lordſhip.—O here he comes.

E. Faul. Leave us. [Daniel goes out.]

SCENE IV.

Earl FAULKLAND, Lord WINFORD.

E. Faul. Come hither, my ſon.——[He looks at his watch.] It is now mid-day, and Daniel tells me you are going out, and not to return till ſix to-morrow morning.——

L. Win. It is true, I have promiſed.——

E. Faul. And have you formed to yourſelf a very pleaſing idea of a day to be ſo ſpent?—

L. Win. Ah, by no means, my Lord, I aſſure you.——

E. Faul. Why then employ it in ſuch a trifling manner, if you have not even the expectation of ſome tranſient amuſement?—It is, becauſe it has been propoſed to you, and you have not reſolution to reſiſt; is not that the

* A Reveillon is a diverſion common in France after midnight maſs.

caſe?—— Complaiſance is undoubtedly one of thoſe qualities which every man ſhould carry into ſociety; but at the ſame time he ſhould know its proper bounds, for really it is puſhing attention and politeneſs to a very great length, to ſacrifice four and twenty hours together to the whims of other people.—Beſides, my ſon, to dedicate a whole day to idle diſſipation, without reſerving at leaſt two or three hours for your own inſtruction, is not keeping your promiſe with me. By embracing ſuch a way of life, how can you hope to cultivate your underſtanding, improve your knowledge, learn your profeſſion, or become a valuable member of ſociety, and a diſtinguiſhed officer?

L. WIN. I do not propoſe to get into ſuch a habit, for I naturally love to be reaſonably employed.———

E. FAUL. Yes; but that deſire is ſpeedily extinguiſhed if it is not kept up with the greateſt care; and to maintain it, one invariable rule ſhould be laid down, never to loſe a whole day.

L. WIN. Well, my Lord, it will give me no pain to renounce this engagement; I will dine at home, and only go to meet them for a few minutes at tennis.———

E. FAUL. No, no; go with them, and don't break your appointment; but be here by half an hour after ſeven, and I will carry you with me to the Marquis of Walworth's.

L. WIN. What! ſhall I be admitted there

this evening? I thought that Eugenia was gone to ſee her aunt at St. Germains.——

E. Faul. But inſtead of that her aunt is here.———

L. Win. Ah, my God! and with a chance of ſeeing Eugenia, I had diſpoſed of my whole day!—What do I not owe you, my dear father, for having told me?———

E. Faul. You ſtill love her then with the ſame ardour?

L. Win. Love her!—Ah, my whole happineſs is in the hope of obtaining her, and rendering myſelf worthy of her.——Alas! I muſt ſtill wait ſix months, ſix long months. —Do you imagine, my dear father, that the Marquis of Walworth will not abridge this long, cruel proof?

E. Faul. No, no; do not flatter yourſelf with ſuch a hope; you will find him inflexible on that head. You know the fixed averſion he has againſt gameſters; you formerly loved play, you have promiſed to renounce it; he only required a proof of eighteen months, to which you conſented, and ought to ſubmit without murmuring. Beſides, the Marquis of Walworth, while he dreads that you ſtill retain a paſſion for play, entertains no ſort of doubt of your probity; he does not watch your conduct, employs no ſpies to obſerve your proceedings, but places an entire confidence in your honour.

L. Win. Indeed, my dear father, he only does me juſtice, I am incapable of deceiving

him; if I had the misfortune to play and loſe more than the covenanted ſum, I ſhould at leaſt have the candour to own it;—but I am certain that my ſincerity will never be put to that ſevere proof.—The ſacrifice which he requires of me coſts ſo little.—Yet what ſacrifice could be a hardſhip, with ſuch a promiſed recompence?—I proteſt, that without pain, or without any effort, I never play but when complaiſance to ſociety makes it a duty, and for a whole year I have not loſt the moderate ſum to which you have limited me.

E. FAUL. Perſevere in that conduct, my ſon; it will be the more eſtimable in you, as you have two profeſſed gameſters for your friends.———

L. WIN. Dorſet is not a gameſter.——

E. FAUL. He is too much ſo for his fortune; and Wilmore?

L. WIN. It is true, he loves play, but I have ſeen him oftener than once lay down a reſolution to renounce it.

E. FAUL. Yes, when he has had a run of bad luck.——Beſides, how can he employ his time if he does not play? He has neither inſtruction, converſation, attachment, nor a fortune to loſe; for it is ſaid that he is totally ruined; ſo that if I was his friend, I ſhould look upon his playing with as much indifference as I ſhould feel real vexation to ſee an amiable, worthy, ſenſible man, give himſelf up to ſuch a fatal paſſion; often the effect of idleneſs, but ſtrengthened by avarice, kept up

by fooliſh hopes, and which in the end opens the heart to admit the violent mean deſires of covetouſneſs, that neither reſpects friendſhip, nor any other ties, and ſeeking ſucceſs in the misfortunes of others, by a juſt puniſhment, finds nothing at laſt after all his miſconduct, but ruin and repentance.

L. WIN. I hope, Wilmore will eſcape ſuch a dreadful deſtiny; it is true that he has no inſtruction, but he has an excellent heart; he has ſuch captivating gaiety and ſimplicity of character.———

E. FAUL. That is to ſay, he is giddy and inconſiderate; ſpeaks without reflection whatever comes in his head, and is very noiſy and unpolite: this is what you call ſimplicity, which is preciſely the ſimplicity of which he ſhould get rid. It is common enough to ſee that the juſt averſion which is inſpired by pedantry, occaſions the falling into the oppoſite extreme, and leads weak minds to praiſe ignorance and ruſticity; but good taſte ſhould preſerve us from either exceſs, and teach us not to eſteem inſtruction but in proportion as it is ſtript of parade and affectation; and not to love a ſimplicity which does not make its appearance under an agreeable form.

L. WIN. I am ſorry, my dear father, to ſee you have ſuch ſtrong prejudices againſt Wilmore and Dorſet; eſpecially the laſt; I am ſure if you knew him you would love him; he has ſuch ſenſibility, ſuch a warmth of friendſhip!———

E. FAUL. Yes, warmth, force, enthuſiaſm, theſe are his expreſſions, and you let yourſelf be taken with ſuch balderdaſh! you will one day know that that pompous language is not the language of the heart. Sentiment frequently gives ſublime ideas, but they are always expreſſed with ſimplicity!—In ſhort, I muſt own to you, that your two friends have a horrid vice, which muſt make them always inſupportable in my eyes ———

L. WIN. What is it, my Lord?

E. FAUL. 'Tis foppery. ———

L. WIN. Dorſet is too much in love to be a coxcomb, my Lord! ———

E. FAUL. Why truly, you are right, one cannot be in love and at the ſame time a coxcomb; but your friend is not capable of feeling a true paſſion.

L. WIN. Dear Sir, I aſſure you——

E. FAUL. You are his confidant, and I am not; but what will you ſay, if I tell you I know all his pretended ſecrets as well as you?

L. WIN. I own I can ſcarce believe it.—

E. FAUL. He always carries about with him two pictures of the ſame perſon; the one in a ring, the other in a pocket-book; he has hair and a cypher hangs at his watch; the hair is black——and to give you a more particular detail, the picture in the ring is drawn in profile, and the one in the pocket-book, repreſents the perſon in a maſquerade dreſs. Now do you think I am well informed? ———

L. WIN. I am aſtoniſhed! how is this poſſible?———

E. FAUL. Now, my ſon, I appeal to yourſelf, whether the man who is capable of ſuch indiſcretion, and who, to gratify a contemptible vanity, divulges a ſecret which he has promiſed to keep, who betrays at once both honour and confidence; judge, I ſay, if ſuch a man has either worth or ſenſibility, or deſerves to be eſteemed!

L. WIN. I am confounded; but however I cannot perſuade myſelf that Dorſet has a bad heart—— there muſt be ſomething in this which I cannot comprehend, but he will explain it.

E. FAUL. I very much queſtion his being able to juſtify himſelf.——But I hear a noiſe, ſomebody is coming.——

L. WIN. Certainly it is Dorſet and Wilmore coming to find me.—My Lord, I will dine at home; at what o'clock ſhall we go to the Marquis's?

E. FAUL. At eight; I ſhall go out, but will return to take you with me. Farewell, I ſee your friends; I leave you.

[He goes out.]

L. WIN. I am impatient to have an explanation with Dorſet.——I ſhall be exceſſively grieved to forego the eſteem I have for him.—

SCENE V.

Lord WINFORD, DORSET, WILMORE.

WIL. What have you been doing, my Lord? It is paſt one o'clock, let us go.—But I have ſomething to tell you firſt. I have made a rare diſcovery, Doriet is a Gluckiſt; we have juſt now had a diſpute about muſic, a diſpute even to quarrelling.——Your prudent valet, Daniel, quite terrified at our noiſe, ran to part us; he really thought we were going to fight.———

L. WIN. What folly!—But how could you ſettle ſuch a diſcuſſion; neither of you know any thing of muſic?

DOR. No matter for that. We can bawl and exclaim: O that is deteſtable, or that is admirable. That is all that is wanted to maintain ſuch kind of diſputes.

WIL. You think, perhaps, that to ſpeak properly, and judge rationally of muſic, one muſt be a muſician?—What prejudices!—I don't know a ſingle note, yet aſk Dorſet how I can reaſon and converſe upon the ſubject. ——I ſhould not even fear you, my Lord, though you are a good muſician, I can tell you that.———

L. WIN. I already beg for mercy, and own

myſelf vanquiſhed; I am ſo tired of this kind of converſation.——

Dor. Beſides, Wilmore, my Lord, is of your opinion, he is for Piccini.

L. Win. Who, I? by no means.

Wil. How is this; another deſerter!—— My Lord, you are not ſincere; it was but the other day you ſeemed delighted with Roland.

L. Win. I allow I was ſo.

Wil. Of courſe then Gluck is a barbarian.

L. Win. There is a charming concluſion!

Wil. I did not contrive it; the idea is not mine; but however it is received.

Dor. But we muſt know thoſe with whom we live; explain yourſelf my Lord; are you a Gluckiſt?

L. Win. No.

Wil. What are you then?

L. Win. No party-man either for Gluck, or Picini; that is to ſay, I am reaſonable.

Wil. What! without rank, without character, a mere nobody.——Alas, this is poor indeed!

L. Win. But do you know why I am of no party? it is becauſe I have a real love for muſic, and that this taſte, founded on ſome little knowledge, ſaves me from thoſe wretched prejudices to which both of you give yourſelves up, and is the cauſe of your loſing a great deal of pleaſure.

Dor. But, however, you will allow, that

it is impoſſible to admire two compoſers equally.———

L. WIN. Why not? Though their talents differ, may they not be equally admirable in their way?

WIL. So, my Lord, you find that we party-leaders have not common ſenſe; that we are ignorant ſimpletons?

L. WIN. I ſhall never make uſe of ſuch expreſſions; that is the language of paſſion and enthuſiaſm, which but too often forgets what is due to politeneſs and common decency. But reaſon is always indulgent in her deciſions, and moderate in her criticiſms.

WIL. Perhaps, all the fruit that you will reap from your pretended prudence is the averſion of both parties.

L. WIN. The dread of being treated with injuſtice, ſhall not debar me from ſpeaking the truth.

DOR. For my part, I own I am too paſſionate to have ſuch moderation; my temper is too fiery, and runs away with me.

WIL. I know very well, Dorſet, the reaſon of your having become a Gluckiſt; it is a love affair; it has been required of you.——Come, come, confeſs; beſides it is no matter to be aſhamed of.

DOR. What extravagance!—don't you ſpeak of feeling, you know nothing of it.

WIL. Can you ſay ſo, after what I told you in confidence yeſterday!—When I am deſperately in love——I ſhall tell this ſtory to my

Lord one of theſe days; he will be much ſurpriſed—for the preſent, I am ſmitten, and moſt ſeriouſly.—But what o'clock is it? we forget ourſelves, let us go to the Little Dunkirk. My Lord, I am impatient to ſhew you the buckles I beſpoke. By-the-bye, have you ſeen my watch-chain? [He gives it him.] Is it not very elegant?

L. Win. That hair is of a moſt beautiful colour!———

Wil. [with exceſſive affectation.] That hair—is indeed ſo beautiful, it is almoſt an indiſcretion to carry it about me, for I am afraid it will be known—that hair has no ſmall reputation!—You admired it yeſterday in the Park, my Lord.

L. Win. [ſurpriſed.] How!

Wil. For heaven's ſake, my Lord, let it never paſs your lips.

Dor. O, my Lord is diſcreet, I promiſe you. But pray, Wilmore, have you been invited to Madam Saint-Ange's ball.

Wil. Yes, but I ſhan't go.

Dor. Why ſo?

Wil. Becauſe Madam Saint-Ange and I have had a ſad falling out, and I muſt be obliged to hear her upbraidings.—However, I ſhall be prepared to give her her own; ſhe is ſo whimſical, and ſuch a coquet———

Dor. I ſaw you engaged with her for a moment.———

Wil. Certainly; every coquet has a right to expect our attention, but as you ſay, it was

only for a moment.——Beſides, it is a ſubject ſufficiently curious to obſerve, that a coquet———

Dor. But the enquiry is very ſoon made, and then they are all ſo much alike, that it is a conſtant repetition of the ſame thing.

Wil. That is true; however it is very entertaining to make them believe that one is the dupe of their artifices, and all their little well known tricks, of which every individual of them imagines herſelf to have the honour of being the firſt contriver.———

Dor. For my part, I am quite tired of coquets.———

Wil. They are ſo inſipid in the long run, that is certain———

Dor. There is Hortenſia, for example; did you ever know any thing ſo tireſome?

Wil. She is very handſome, however.——

Dor. But all theſe airs; that perpetual attention to her dreſs?———

Wil. You are an ungrateful fellow: does not all that affectation proceed from her deſire to pleaſe us?

Dor. Very well; and, in gratitude, I ſhould be glad ſhe were a little better inſtructed in her choice of the means.———

Wil. But it requires abilities to chooſe, and ſhe has not even common ſenſe.—For my part, I love Hortenſia very much; I look at her, but I don't hearken to what ſhe ſays, which is the more eaſy, as ſhe ſpeaks with ſuch heedleſſneſs ſhe never hears any anſwer

that is made her; from time to time, however, I wake her attention by ſome encomium on her figure, or by criticiſing that of ſome other fine woman; then ſhe burſts into loud forced laughs: I admire her unaffected gaiety, and tell her that ſhe is exceſſively captivating, and by this means we are very good friends.

DOR. But, my Lord, do you mind what Wilmore ſays——to tell Hortenſia that ſhe is captivating, and unaffected!—truly, the like was never heard.——

L. WIL. I can't ſay I think her entitled to that ſort of praiſe.——

WIL. But what would you have? I conform to the taſte of the times. Every woman pretends to be captivating, unaffected, and gay. I know very well, that in former times, the way to pleaſe was by praiſing their modeſty and reſerve; but now a-days, timidity is only a diſgrace, and mildneſs a proof of ſtupidity. In ſhort, aſſurance, a bold deciſive manner, loud and redoubled peals of laughter, are the only qualities by which a young and beautiful woman can be diſtinguiſhed at preſent.

L. WIN. Why confound the whole ſex with five or ſix of your acquaintance, who may reſemble the picture you have drawn? For my part, I ſee many who have none of theſe ridiculous ways; it even ſeems to me that the general education of the other ſex is infinitely better attended to than that of the men. We are only taught Greek and Latin, which we

forget; they acquire agreeable talents, which they retain; they are inſtructed to expreſs themſelves gracefully in their own language; they ſpeak more pure, and certainly write much better than we *. They likewiſe have a better taſte, more knowledge, they read more; in ſhort, I think they are amply revenged for our criticiſms, our inſipid railleries, and dull declamations, by the remarkable ſuperiority they have over us.

WIL. So, my Lord, you ſeem to be the zealous advocate of the ladies—but that is quite natural when a man is deeply enamoured.

L. WIN. Yes, that is true; when a man ſincerely loves one woman, he reſpects the whole ſex; you turn them into ridicule, and I defend them; this is natural.

WIL. I tell you, I am in love too; you won't believe me, but that is not my fault.—Come let us be gone.———

L. WIN. I am mighty ſorry for it, Wilmore, but I can't dine with you.———

DOR. How ſo?

WIL. You let yourſelf be governed like a child; I'll lay a wager your father has forbidden you to go with us?

L. WIN. He has certainly a right to command me, and undoubtedly I ſhould conform

* The women are not compared here with the men as authors; it is meant only of people of faſhion, and the epiſtolary ſtyle of writing.

to his orders; but on this occaſion he has left me entirely to myſelf, and the truth is, I have ſome buſineſs.———

DOR. A love affair, I ſuppoſe?—

L. WIN. In ſhort, it is impoſſible for me to go.

WIL. At this rate, there is no depending on you.—Where do you dine then?

L. WIN. At home.———

DOR. [to Wilmore.] I have a great mind to ſtay with him.———

WIL. Come, with all my heart——as to tennis?———

DOR. We ſhall meet you there; ſhan't we, my Lord?

L. WIN. Moſt willingly. You don't dine till three?

WIL. No.—This is your final reſolution?

L. WIN. Yes, indeed, as far as regards myſelf.

DOR. And I too.

WIL. At what o'clock will you come to us?

L. WIN. At four.

WIL. Very well.—Adieu.

DOR. [to Wilmore.] Hearkee—if you meet with Lady Harriot in the Park, tell her from me———

WIL. What ſhall I tell her?—

DOR. Nothing, nothing—for now I think on't, I ſhall ſee her this evening at the ball.———

WIL. How's this—a rendezvous at a ball?

—is it come to that?—If this is known, you will get embroiled with a certain perſon.—

Dor. No raillery upon that head, Wilmore, I beg of you.

Wil. O, I love that grave face to be ſure! —well, you are the greateſt hypocrite!—You have no other commiſſions to give me? Farewell, gentlemen, I wiſh you very happy. Reaſon, philoſophize quite at your eaſe—but, my Lord, take care of Dorſet; I give you warning, he will certainly pervert you; he is an admirable ſpeaker; but however, I aſſure you his heart is no better than my own.—— Adieu, till the evening.

[He goes out.]

SCENE VI.

Lord WINFORD, DORSET.

Dor. What a ſad head is that of Wilmore's!

L. Win. My dear Dorſet, let us take the advantage of the preſent moment now we are alone.———

Dor. What have you to tell me?

L. Win. What no doubt will very much diſtreſs you.———

Dor. You alarm me.———

L. Win. The ſecrets you entruſted me with eight days ago, are known to every body;

only think of my father being informed of even the moſt minute particular.—

Dor. What! is that all?

L. Win. This indifference aſtoniſhes me.—

Dor. The indiſcretion does not proceed from me, I aſſure our My heart, filled with a paſſion which has totally engroſſed my thoughts, wanted to diſcloſe its cares into the boſom of a friend, but I never ſpoke of the affair to any mortal except yourſelf, and was quite confounded and aſtoniſhed on hearing ſome days ago, that it is known to all the world. From whence do you think the particulars have come? from the very perſon who had the greateſt reaſon to conceal them.—O, we have had ſuch a ſcene upon that ſubject?—Women are ſo imprudent!—I am quite enraged.—But is it my fault?

L. Win. It is very extraordinary that a woman ſhould be ſo abſurd!

Dor. They are all ſo.—The little vanity of fixing a man who has had ſome ſucceſs in the world turns their heads.——Confidences take place; friends, either from levity or jealouſy, cannot be ſilent, and every thing is known.—It is quite deteſtable, for me eſpecially, who have been always paſſionately fond of myſtery. But let us talk of your affairs, my dear Lord; when are you to be married?

L. Win. Alas! not theſe ſix months.

Dor. Lady Eugenia Walworth is a charming woman.——But her father is an original, whatever you may ſay to the contrary: as for

example, his having reſtricted you at play is ſuch a ſingular tyranny—and ſo abſurd.—For after all, when once you are married, you will be your own maſter.———

L. WIN. But I ſhall never be my own maſter ſo as to play; ſince I only am to have his daughter, on condition that I renounce play for life.

DOR. Then this Lady Eugenia Walworth muſt be an excellent match?

L. WIN. Yes, for me, ſince I love her.—

DAN. [entering.] My Lord, dinner is upon table.

DOR. Come then, let us go—but Daniel, will you tell my footman to go home and ſee if there are any letters for me?——[To Lord Winford.] You will allow me to write one after dinner, won't you?———

L. WIN. Yes, yes, come let us go.

[They go out.]

DAN. [alone.] He would have it believed that he intends to write a line to his miſtreſs, but I'd lay a wager it is only a letter to one of his creditors.——By Jove, if I was a woman, ſuch coxcombs ſhould never pleaſe me!—I wiſh to heaven theſe idle ſparks may not ſpoil my young maſter.—— [He goes out.]

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Earl FAULKLAND, DANIEL.

Earl FAULKLAND.

YES, Daniel, I know your ſincerity.—So you really don't ſee any alteration in the diſpoſition of my ſon?———

DAN. No, my Lord, he is ſtill the ſame, honourable, good, and ingenuous, and loves Lady Eugenia more than he loves himſelf.—But he has two friends of a very different complexion;—and I am afraid that in time——

E. FAUL. Hearkee, Daniel, I am obliged to go out, and certainly my ſon will be here before I can return;—let him ſee this picture.—[He gives him a miniature.] Tell him it has been ſent to me, to have my opinion of the likeneſs.———

DAN. [taking the picture.] My God! how ſtriking!

E. FAUL: And if my ſon does not return by ſeven o'clock, ſend to enquire for him at the Tennis court; do you hear?———

DAN. Yes, my Lord.

[Earl Faulkland goes out.]

SCENE II.

DANIEL, [alone, looking at the picture.]

Ay, there ſhe is!—with her ſhy little air,—and her large black brilliant eyes—but there is at once a look of malice and goodneſs.—Upon my faith, it is a charming picture—the ſetting too is ſo magnificent: God forgive me, it looks ſo like a wedding preſent! However, I am told the marriage won't be till ſummer.——[He looks at his watch.] It is half an hour paſt five, and my Lord ſaid he would be back by ſix.——O, here he comes, I believe, for I hear his footman.

SCENE III.

DANIEL, PETER.

DAN. Is my Lord coming, Peter?

PET. O, no, not ſo ſoon.———

DAN. He is always at tennis.

PET. No, no, they played at tennis only a few minutes, and then went to Baron Albain's, who lives juſt by the Tennis-court, and who gives a grand dinner to-day.

DAN. A dinner for play, I'll lay my life!———

PET. Yes; I am told, a grand company.—

DAN. And is my Lord gone there?

PET. He did not like it; but when he went to the Tennis-court, he found a card of invitation to go there, and Mr. Dorſet dragged him along againſt his inclination.

DAN. And what brought you home?

PET. My Lord ſent me to tell the coachman, not to come for him, becauſe Mr. Wilmore will bring him home. But I can't find the coachman.

DAN. He is above in the outer-room.—

PET. Very well, I'll find him.——

[He goes out.]

SCENE IV.

DANIEL, [alone.]

This gambling dinner gives me a great deal of uneaſineſs!—Why did he ſuffer himſelf to be led there?—Surely, he will not play; but what folly to go and expoſe himſelf thus in gaiety of heart to temptation!——Somebody comes—how's this, 'tis he!———

SCENE V.

Lord WINFORD, WILMORE, DORSET, DANIEL.

L. WIN. Daniel, give me the key of my cloſet.

DAN. [aſide.] How melancholy he looks!—[He gives him the key.] There it is, my Lord.

L. WIN. [to Wilmore and Dorſet.] Wait here, I will be with you immediately.

[He goes out.]

DAN. [aſide.] I don't like this.

[He goes out.]

SCENE VI.

WILMORE, DORSET.

WIL. Poor Lord Winford is ſadly afflicted —he is afraid of his father!—But, Dorſet, did you ever ſee ſuch a run of bad luck as mine? At the very time that I won two thouſand guineas from my intimate friend, I loſt five thouſand to that blockhead Albain!—a fellow I deteſt---that curſed trente et quarante, I never will play at it again!

DOR. You will be at it again to-morrow.

WIL. No, not I.—What do you mean? I am ruined.———

DOR. The beſt reaſon in the world for playing.

WIL. No, I am determined.—When I ſet out in life, I had three thouſand a year—and if you knew how little remains.——Ah, if I could recover what I have loſt, I ſwear I would give up play as long as I live!—It has coſt me my fortune, ruined my health, and deſtroyed my peace of mind; in ſhort, at a dear rate I am undeceived, diſguſted, and tired out. —To loſe five thouſand guineas to the Baron Albain!—an animal who has ten thouſand a year.—The worſt player--and who has given us a horrid bad dinner.——I am provoked I

muſt own.——And you, Dorſet, what have you done?

DOR. Nothing. I loſt five hundred guineas, and won as many from Lord Winford.

WIL. He owes you five hundred guineas?

DOR. Yes, indeed; and I am very much vexed at it, I aſſure you—yet it is better he ſhould loſe to me than another; at leaſt I ſhall not preſs him for payment.

WIL. That I ſuppoſe; united as we are, ſuch conduct is no more than our duty. But however, when on the other hand one has debts, and theſe debts are debts of honour, ſuch as thoſe of play, honour muſt in that caſe take place of friendſhip.———

DOR. Certainly; and on that head I have the moſt ſcrupulous delicacy.—But Lord Winford is going to be married.———

WIL. What fortune is he to get with his wife?

DOR. A thouſand a year at moſt, I believe.———

WIL. That is not much—he will have fifteen hundred himſelf!

DOR. Yes—and very great expectations, beſides———

WIL. He certainly might have made a more advantageous match.

DOR. But he is in love.———

WIL. And naturally of a romantic turn—beſides, his head is filled with prejudices.—

DOR. His talents are but indifferent.

WIL. Yes, and I believe we ſhall find it a difficult matter to mould him—what do you think?

DOR. Huſh—here he comes.

SCENE VII.

Lord WINFORD, DORSET, WILMORE.

L. WIN. [to Dorſet.] There are three hundred guineas, and to-morrow I ſhall pay the remainder.

DOR. [taking the money.] I aſſure you, my friend, I receive this money with more vexation than you could have in loſing it.—

L. WIN. [to Wilmore.] Depend upon it, Wilmore, you ſhall be paid to-morrow.

WIL. My God! I very well know your ſcrupulous delicacy.—Truly, I ſhall never forgive myſelf for having engaged you to play; I was in hopes you would have been a winner; I was deſirous that you ſhould win back your loſs.—Aſk Dorſet what I have been juſt now ſaying upon that head.———

DOR. He is truly grieved.——

L. WIN. I don't know for what; it is of ſo little importance.———

DOR. Certainly the loſs is very conſiderable for one that never plays; but as to the thing itſelf, it is not of ſufficient conſequence to make

a noiſe; ſo that you have no reaſon to be afraid, my Lord, that your friends will be informed of it: you are very certain that Wilmore and I may be depended on.

WIL. And I am ſure of all who were preſent. To loſe two thouſand guineas is certainly no great misfortune; but it would be a real one, if ſuch a trivial cauſe ſhould retard your marriage, upon which ſcore I have no apprehenſion.

DOR. Nobody will mention it I promiſe you; it is ſo common an accident, that it is impoſſible any one can be tempted to ſpeak of it.

WIL. In fact, one muſt have had much greater loſſes at play to make it talked of now a-days: it is not at a trifling expence that people can become noted in that way. The day before yeſterday, I loſt ſix thouſand guineas, and to-day five thouſand; and I can ſcarcely flatter myſelf that I ſhall have the honour to have it mentioned. Well, my Lord, we will leave you at preſent; but we ſhall dine to-morrow again with that confounded Baron, and if you will come, I will give you your revenge; you have only to ſay the word.

L. WIN. I thank you——I have no deſire for it.——

DOR. You ſhould certainly go there; I have favourable forebodings; I am perſuaded that we ſhall all three win, and Albain be ruined.——

WIL. I believe Dorſet is inſpired; he perſuades me.———

L. WIN. For my part, I will ruin no man.———

WIL. Farewell, my Lord; we only leave you becauſe we know you have buſineſs.——

L. WIN. Yes, I expect my father.

DOR. If you have occaſion for me, you may command me.

L. WIN. No, I muſt go out.

WIL. Come, Dorſet; adieu till to-morrow, my Lord. [They go out.]

SCENE VIII.

L. WINFORD, [alone.]

Two thouſand five hundred guineas.—Thus have I kept my word!—O, heavens, that I could in one inſtant forget my promiſe, my honour and my love.—Dorſet, Wilmore!—I thought they were my friends!——one ſingle day has carried off all.——I muſt abjure a treacherous friendſhip, renounce an amiable woman, to whom I am no longer worthy to pretend, and undeceive a virtuous father, whoſe hopes I have ſhamefully diſappointed! Oh, my God!--[He ſinks into a chair quite oppreſſed.]

SCENE IX.

Lord WINFORD, DANIEL.

DAN. [holding the picture.] [Aſide.] He is alone.—I muſt now obey my inſtructions.

L. WIN. [raiſing himſelf.] O, it is you, Daniel?—What do you want?

DAN. To ſhew you a very pretty jewel, my Lord, which has been juſt brought here.———

L. WIN. That is enough; leave me, Daniel.

DAN. Here is a miniature picture incloſed, which is ſent to have your opinion of the likeneſs; ſee here my Lord.

L. WIN. O, heavens!—it is Eugenia.—

DAN. As like as two drops of water, is it not?

L. WIN. To whom does it belong?

DAN. To the Marquis of Walworth; I leave it with you, my Lord, he is coming here, and you will return it to him. But, my Lord, I beg leave to aſk one queſtion; you ſeem melancholy; thank God, you are incapable of any extravagance; ſo I have no uneaſineſs on that head; but I ſuſpect Mr. Dorſet or Mr. Wilmore, have been gaming and playing ſome flippery trick,

L. Win. No, Daniel—don't be uneaſy.—Leave me, I want to be alone. ———

Dan. [aſide, as he goes out.] Alas! I am more uneaſy than before.

[He goes out.]

SCENE X.

Lord Winford, [alone, holding the picture of Eugenia, and looking at it.]

O Eugenia!—I now for the firſt time look upon your lovely image without being tranſported! Alas, what do I ſay! at this inſtant I could not even ſee yourſelf without a painful ſenſation of dread and confuſion.——You had a value for me—you deceived yourſelf—but now you will deſpiſe and hate me.—Eugenia deſpiſe me!—and can I live! No, no.—But why ſhould ſhe deſpiſe me?——I can conceal my weakneſs; by remaining ſilent I can preſerve my hopes; but, however, I would rather renounce my happineſs, than be guilty of deceit for one moment.—[He looks at the picture.] Theſe are her eyes!——there is that ſweet look which ſo happily expreſſes the purity of her mind!—When ſhe was determined in my favour, I thought I could frequently diſcover in that look an ingenuous expreſſion of innocent tenderneſs!—Wretch that I am—

and from henceforth, I ſhall ſee in it nothing but anger and indignation!—I cannot ſupport the ſight of this picture, it pierces me to the heart.——Notwithſtanding all the charms of that enchanting countenance, it only preſents to my diſtreſſed imagination, the face of an implacable judge, whoſe juſt and cruel decree, muſt irrecoverably deprive me of all the happineſs of my life!—[He lays it upon the table.] No, I ſhall never ſee her more. How could I endure her reproaches, or her diſdain?—I will withdraw; I muſt fly from hence—She will perhaps, pity me.—Alas, I cannot flatter myſelf with ſuch a hope!—A happier choice will undoubtedly blot me out of her memory. Of all the thoughts with which I am oppreſſed, that is the moſt inſupportable!——She will forget me, I have loſt her.—I ſaw her yeſterday for the laſt time!———[He takes up the picture.] O, heavens, is it poſſible, Eugenia, that when I bid you adieu yeſterday, that it was an eternal adieu!—In ſix months I was to have been the happieſt of men, and you gave your conſent.—— You required only a trifling ſacrifice, and you could not obtain it!—and ſhall I preſume to complain?—How mean and contemptible do I appear in my own eyes!—I deteſt myſelf; every idea, every reflection, adds to my ſhame and my deſpair.—My father will be here preſently; what ſhall I ſay to him; how ſhall I dare to appear before him.—Ah! let me fly!—let me fly to Eugenia, and falling at her feet, implore her

pity.—But will ſhe deign to hear me? Can I ſay to her, here is the man who has broken his oath, who no longer deſerves you? No, no, it is impoſſible that I can ſupport her contempt and reſentment.——Where then ſhall I find comfort?—Comfort! Alas! ſorrow ſuch as mine can know no comfort? [He falls back into a chair.]

SCENE XI.

Earl FAULKLAND, MARQUIS of WALWORTH, Lord WINFORD.

MAR. [at the bottom of the Stage to the Earl.] Very well; I undertake the explanation, leave it to me, I pray you.

L. WIN. [riſing.] Somebody comes—gracious heaven, it is my father!——

E. FAUL. [ſtill at the bottom of the Stage.] He has the picture of Eugenia in his hand!——

MAR. Come, let us go up to him, I burn with impatience to declare our purpoſe. I am already delighted at the thoughts of his joy and tranſports.

L. WIN. [aſide.] Great God! where ſhall I hide myſelf?——

MAR. [approaching.] What have you got

there, my Lord?—But, what do I ſee, you are in tears!

E. Faul. It is in conſequence of his looking at the picture.———

L. Win. It is true, I own it.——

Mar. That is charming.—He is vexed at our coming upon him unexpectedly in the affecting moment; but, my dear Lord, you may yield without conſtraint to ſuch tender emotions; you will have a wife and a father-in-law, to whom this amiable ſenſibility will prove a ſource of great happineſs.

L. Win. [aſide.] He pierces me to the ſoul!———

E. Faul. I'll lay a wager, my ſon, that Eugenia's picture has occaſioned your making ſome melancholy reflections, I ſee it in your countenance.

L. Win. Ah, I own it—moſt cruel reflections.—[He lays it down upon the table.]

Mar. Yes, yes; he was thinking of the ſix months trial, which ſtill remain.

E. Faul. Softly, you renew his grief, did I not foreſee it?

Mar. Come, come, this is love indeed.—My Lord, if you knew how happy you make me!———

L. Win. [aſide.] Ah, what torture!——

E. Faul. [to the Marquis.] If he durſt, he would this moment throw himſelf at your feet.———

L. Win. Yes, I ought to be at his feet.—[To his father.] At your's, Sir.

MAR. To beg for favour?———

L. WIN. No,—I cannot hope for it.——

MAR. You ſuppoſe then, I am inflexible?———

L. WIN. You will, you ought to be ſo,

E. FAUL. [ſoftly to the Marquis.] Don't keep him longer in ſuſpenſe.———

MAR. My Lord, come and embrace your ſecond father.—[He embraces him.]

L. WIN. You!—alas!———

E. FAUL. [to the Marquis.] Speak plainly to him; I aſſure you he does not comprehend your meaning.

L. WIN. How!———

MAR. But firſt, my Lord, take up that picture of Eugenia.———

L. WIN. No—it kills me.

MAR. Then let me reſtore you to life.——That picture is your's———

L. WIN. Mine!———

E. FAUL. See how he trembles.———

MAR. He becomes every inſtant more dear to me.—Come then, and enjoy the utmoſt of your wiſhes. Now that I am convinced of your prudence and your love, I abridge the cruel proof.———

L. WIN. I can hardly breathe.———

MAR. I give you my daughter, you ſhall ſign the articles this evening, and to-morrow, to-morrow morning you ſhall marry Eugenia.———

L. WIN. O, heavens, what do I hear! [He leans againſt the table.]

E. Faul. He is aſtoniſhed—he is quite beſide himſelf!———

Mar. And that nothing may be wanting to your happineſs, know that Eugenia loves you with all the tenderneſs of which her heart is capable.———

L. Win. Ah! is it poſſible!———

Mar. She never durſt avow it to you; but ſhe has juſt now confeſſed it to me. In praiſing your virtues and the laudable ſacrifice you have made to love and reaſon, ſhe could not reſtrain her tears. "In ſhort, [ſaid ſhe] if he "had yielded to the dangerous advice of the "falſe friends, by whom he is ſurrounded, "and continued the odious paſſion he had for "play, I ſhould undoubtedly have eaſily got "the better of the inclination I have for him; "but he deſerves to be loved, and I may now "avow thoſe ſentiments he ſo well juſtifies, "and which are to be the happineſs of my "life."

L. Win. Where am I!——Eugenia!—O, give me a moment's reſpite.——

E. Faul. Come, come, my ſon.—

Mar. The lawyer waits us, let us no longer delay—come.———

L. Win. Stop.———

E. Faul. How pale!—what diſtraction in his looks.———

Mar. What can be the cauſe of this dreadful diſorder? My Lord, my ſon.——

L. Win. Who I! I your ſon!——

Mar. You are to be.——

L. Win. No, never.———

E Faul. What ſay you!

Mar. I am aſtoniſhed!——

L. Win. Abandon a wretch, who no longer knows himſelf——you have killed me—leave me.———

Mar. Gracious heaven!——

E. Faul. Good God, what mean theſe wild tranſports?

L. Win. My integrity however ſtill remains; it requires the ſacrifice of my happineſs, perhaps my life.—No matter; I ought to be deaf to every thing elſe:—He throws himſelf at the Marquis's feet.] I am unworthy of your goodneſs, I have broken my promiſe; I foreſee my ſentence, and ſubmit; but do not let your hatred be added to oppreſs a heart already weighed down with deſpair.

Mar. [raiſing him up.] Ah! what is this you tell me?

E. Faul. Wretch!—you have played?

L. Win. I have this day, indeed, but juſt now loſt two thouſand five hundred guineas.—I have broken my reſolutions, even my oaths, and at the very inſtant every thing was preparing for my approaching happineſs. I have betrayed Eugenia in the very moment, when for the firſt time ſhe ventured to avow her ſentiments without conſtraint.—I was beloved.—Alas, yeſterday, nay even this morning, with what tranſports would not the certainty of this have inſpired me! But now, it only ſerves to hurry me to deſpair.—Yet, if I had

had the inexpreſſible pleaſure of hearing the avowal from her own mouth!—But, no, I do not deſerve to enjoy one inſtant of pure happineſs, and I was reſerved for eternal ſorrows.

MAR. Your fate was in your own power, you therefore have only yourſelf to accuſe.

L. WIN. Alas! I lament my fate; I die, but I ſeek not to excuſe myſelf.—O, my father, what are the fruits you have reaped in return for all thoſe cares you have laviſhed upon mine! Your happineſs was founded upon me—and I knew it.—Ah! I am a monſter in my own eyes.—But can this be poſſible; is it not all illuſion? Have I been capable in one inſtant to forget the moſt ſacred duties, and which were ſo deeply engraven on my heart?

E. FAUL. Yes, you have deſtroyed my peace of mind, put an end to my deareſt hopes; you have loſt the object of your love; and all theſe misfortunes are the effect of one moment's weakneſs.—The man of honour is invariable in his reſolutions, becauſe he is ſo in his principles; the ſacrifice which he promiſes to make to reaſon, is a ſacred engagement which nothing can make him diſpenſe with; if he had only made the promiſe in his own mind, 'tis ſufficient, he is for ever bound. Where is the merit in forming virtuous reſolutions if they are not kept? The moſt depraved mind has a thouſand times abjured its errors; ſtruck with the luſtre of reaſon,

and fatigued with vice, it has at leaſt attempted to reſcue itſelf from its ſhameful chains!—Yes, my ſon, one fatal inſtance has proved to you, that he who can break the laws which he has preſcribed to himſelf, and voluntarily ſworn to obſerve, owes his virtue only to circumſtances, and his happineſs to chance.

L. Win. Alas! I know to what a degree my fault is inexcuſable; I ſuffer for it ſufficiently to know its full extent.——In a quarter of an hour, Eugenia will be undeceived!—ſhe will hate me!—At this moment ſhe expects me, and the lawyer is ready.—Eugenia thinks of me with pleaſure; ſhe fancies in her own mind what muſt be my joy and happineſs; perhaps, at this inſtant, I am the ſubject of her converſation.—She believes that ſhe is going to ſign a ſacred engagement which is to unite us for life!—and yet, this very night, I ſhall be deteſted, proſcribed, and condemned by her, never to ſee her more!—Turning to the Marquis.] Tell her at leaſt, in what moment I had the courage to acknowledge my guilt; when you came to find me; when you came to declare that Eugenia ſhould be mine!——Deign to deſcribe to her my penitence and my deſpair; prevail with her to pity me, and ſave me from her contempt; if it be poſſible. Do not provoke her reſentment, I conjure you by all the affection you have hitherto ſhewn for an unhappy wretch, who to his laſt breath will preſerve the remembrance

of your kindneſſes, and the dreadful remorſe of having deſerved to forfeit them.----Farewell!——— [He turns to go away.]

MAR. This is too much.------Stop, my Lord.

L. WIN. What would you?

MAR. Eugenia will aſk ſome queſtions, I wiſh to be able to anſwer her. You have told me no particulars.———

L. WIN. Whatever they are they cannot plead in my vindication.

MAR. No matter, I wiſh to know them.

L. WIN. What a recital do you aſk!----and how ſeverely humiliating!-----But ſince it is your deſire, I ought to obey. I was dragged to the Baron Albain's, where the company were engaged at trente & quarante. I refuſed to play, but Dorſet perſecuted me, becauſe he who held the hand paſſed ſix times running: ſeduced by the idea that he muſt at laſt loſe, I played and won; at that moment, Wilmore, who was out of the room, returned, and I was told, that he went halves with him that held the hand, and as I did not chooſe to play againſt him, I was deſirous to quit; but he laughed at my delicacy, and demanded revenge. I played, he paſſed ſeven times, and on pretence of letting me recover my loſs, availed himſelf of the agitation I was in for having paſſed the bounds preſcribed to me, and perſuaded me to continue: I then took the hand, and played for half an hour, without knowing where I was, or what I did,

having abſolutely loſt my ſenſes. At laſt I retired, two thouſand guineas in debt to Wilmore, and five hundred to Dorſet, who had taken advantage of my confuſion to play againſt me.

E. Faul. And theſe are the two men whom you called your friends!

Mar. This day will be worth ten years experience. Until this unfortunate accident, he had only the virtue of a young man, that of flying from imminent dangers; but from henceforth he will triumph over them. A good heart cannot run aſtray but once; its fault even contributes to confirm it in virtue, by the torments, remorſe, and reflexions, which are the melancholy but uſeful advantages of a firſt offence. From hence, my Lord, you may always look upon me as a feeling indulgent father: I cannot forego ſo pleaſing a title.

L. Win. What! can you ſtill intereſt yourſelf in the fate of an unhappy wretch?

Mar. Dare you not to hope for ſomething more from ſuch a heart as mine?

L. Win. I fear, leſt I deceive myſelf.---No, it cannot be poſſible.

Mar. Come, this noble confeſſion of your fault, only ſerves to redouble my affection.---[He opens his arms to receive him.]

L. Win. [running to him.] Ah! you reſtore me to life!———

E. Faul. [embracing the Marquis.] O, my friend!———

L. WIN. [embracing his Father.] My Father!———

MAR. [preſſing Lord Windford's hand.] Amiable and worthy young man!—ſuch candour and probity are certain pledges of your future conduct. Before I explained myſelf, I wiſhed to ſee the different emotions of your ſoul, and I obſerved, that notwithſtanding your grief, you did not one moment repent of the ingenuous confeſſion which deprived you of every hope. Yes, you are more than ever deſerving of Eugenia.

L. WIN. What unlooked for happineſs!---What obligations does this exceſs of kind indulgence lay me under! Ah, how dear ſhall they be to me; how pleaſing to diſcharge them!---What, give me Eugenia? Can I believe it?----But alas, will Eugenia herſelf pardon me?----That dreadful doubt poiſons all my joy!———

MAR. I know her heart; I will anſwer for her———

L. WIN. If I muſt ſubmit to new proofs, I yield with tranſport.---After what I have juſt now ſuffered, ſhall I not be too happy if ſhe gives me even but leave to hope?

MAR. No, no; true generoſity does not pardon by halves: come let us not make the lawyer wait.

L. WIN. The lawyer!----Good God! this evening!——

E. FAUL. [to the Marquis.] Is it poſſible to find language to expreſs the gratitude?——

MAR. Let us talk of nothing but our happineſs.—[He takes the picture of Eugenia off the table.] My Lord, I take back this picture which has made you ſhed ſo many tears; Eugenia ſhall reſtore it to you; come and receive it from her own hand.———

L. WIN. What! ſhall I ſee her again.----I tremble----joy and fear by turns have poſſeſſion of my heart.———

MAR. Come, come.——

L. WIN. Well, then, conduct me to her, that I may throw myſelf at her feet.——

MAR. Come, my dear Lord----but let us give him hold of our arms, for he totters and cannot ſupport himſelf.----[The Earl and the Marquis give him hold of their arms.]

L. WIN. [in going out.] Eugenia! ah, how I long for, yet dread your preſence!——

[They go out.]

THE END.

THE

JUDGE,

A

COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be proper to inform the Engliſh Reader, that the Courts of France allow one of the Judges to examine the Caſes, and hear Evidence apart; and the Deciſion is commonly founded on his Report. He is called the Reporting Judge.

THE PERSONS.

Judge BELMONT.

DORVAL, his Son,

DURAND, Secretary of the Judge.

MELCOURT, Friend of Dorval.

SINCLAIR, a young Maſter of Requeſts.

MORELL, a young Counſellor.

The Marquis of ROZELLE.

PETER, a Servant of Judge Belmont's.

Scene at Paris, in the houſe of the Judge.

THE JUDGE, A COMEDY.

Chi s'arma di virtu, vince ognî affetto.
GUARINI, PASTOR FIDO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

[The Stage repreſents a Study, in which is ſeen a Deſk, with two Candles placed upon it.]

DORVAL, MELCOURT.

MELCOURT.

MY dear Dorval, reſtrain theſe violent tranſports; you will certainly betray your ſecret.

Dor. Only think, Melcourt! in a few hours, the fate, the exiſtence, the fortune, and even the honour of Mr. St. Ives, the father of Arabella, muſt be irrevocably decided! —[He looks at his watch.] It is now ſeven in the evening, to-morrow before day the Judges will be aſſembled, and in twelve hours the ſentence will be pronounced.

Mel. But is it not evident that Mr. St. Ives has juſtice on his ſide? Your father is the Reporter; you know the unchangeable equity of Judge Belmont; you are well acquainted with the influence, which the high reſpect he enjoys, his acknowledged probity, and his extenſive knowledge, give to all his opinions; without intrigue and without cabal, but by the ſole aſcendency of worth and abilities, is he not ſure of having his ſentiments univerſally approved? How comes it then, that theſe reflections do not moderate that exceſſive diſquiet with which you are oppreſſed?

Dor. You ſpeak of the virtues of my father; ah, who can admire them more than I do? I who ſee the particular auſterities of his life, and the many ſacrifices he is inceſſantly making to his duty! Penetrated with a ſenſe of the dignity of his ſtation, he juſtly thinks there can be none more reſpectable, when the ſacred obligations are faithfully diſcharged; and the love of humanity, with a noble thirſt for glory, have withheld him for fifteen years from relaxation, and from the pleaſures of ſociety. I am truly proud of being the ſon

of ſuch a father; that affecting tenderneſs, that profound admiration with which he inſpires me, you know, were the firſt ſentiments of my heart; and time and reaſon have only ſerved to confirm them. My father is certainly the moſt juſt and virtuous of men; but, after all, Melcourt, he is ſtill a man; he may be deceived; in ſpite of the pureſt intentions may we not miſlead ourſelves?——— Beſides, the Marquis of Rozelle, who is the opponent of Mr. St. Ives, is ſo ſubtle and active. My father is not to be affected with ſolicitations; but intrigue has ſo many reſources!———Ah, I can ſee a thouſand cauſes for fear, and I have the moſt gloomy forebodings.

MEL. This is inconceivable; ſix weeks ago you had no doubt of Mr. St. Ives gaining his cauſe; even yeſterday you ſeemed perfectly tranquil.

DOR. That is true; but it will be judged to-morrow. I tremble, and I ſee every thing in diſmal colours. What is ſaid of it in the world?

MEL. What ſignifies it to you what the world ſay? With what troubles are you going to perplex yourſelf!

DOR. It is believed that the Marquis of Rozelle will gain his cauſe.

MEL. From the commencement of this proceſs, the Marquis of Rozelle runs about every where, and paſſes half the day in making viſits, which is a great means of gaining

votes: on the other hand, Mr. St. Ives, employed in his buſineſs, keeps himſelf ſhut up at home, ſees none but his own family, the Reporting Judge, and his Counſellor; it is therefore no wonder if the world give a deciſion in favour of his enemy

DOR. O heavens!——But they have not read the memorials!

MEL. They have only read thoſe of the Marquis of Rozelle, becauſe they are filled with ſtrokes of humour and malice; thoſe of Mr. St. Ives are very ſenſible and perſuaſive, and contain ſound reaſoning; but now a-days, that is not what is looked for in a memorial; perſonalities, inſults, mockery, and keen biting irony, are the motives for their being read; and the people of faſhion are in general ſo giddy, ſo unemployed, ſo tired of themſelves, that whoever makes them laugh for a minute, will be in the right with them.

DOR. But ſhould a memorial which treats of the moſt ſerious and important buſineſs be filled with pleaſantry?———

MEL. What would you have, my friend? it is a new practice, almoſt univerſal, and unhappily too likely to continue; for it is much more eaſy to be a banterer and a buffoon, than to be eloquent, ſublime, and pathetic.

DOR. Well, then; Mr. St. Ives will loſe his cauſe; I expect it.

MEL. You have a very bad opinion of the Judges, if you think they attend to the ſuperficial judgments that are formed in the world;

what is it to them what is ſaid there? Ought not they to judge ſolely from the proofs and their own conſciences?

DOR. Tell me, Melcourt, as you are with my father every day, and this affair has been frequently mentioned to him in your preſence, which ſide do you think he inclines to in ſecret?

MEL. You know him better than I.

DOR. Alas! when the name of Mr. St. Ives is mentioned, I dare ſcarce look up; it ſeems to me at that inſtant as if my ſecret was written on my forehead; and if my father ſhould diſcover it, ſuch is his ſcrupulous delicacy, that I am ſure he would reject it—When I ſaw Miſs St. Ives for the firſt time in Lorraine, about eighteen months ago, this cruel buſineſs was already begun; from that time, I conceived the idea of getting her father to chooſe mine for the Reporter, and that reaſon alone induced me to conceal an unhappy paſſion, the violence of which has been yet farther increaſed by reſtraint, anxiety and concealment. I dread my father's penetration, but I ſtill more dread that vivacity which is ſo natural to me, and which has almoſt betrayed me twenty times already; therefore, far from having the temerity to examine his emotions, I am only ſolicitous to conceal mine from him; but you, Melcourt———

MEL. In buſineſs, Judge Belmont is impenetrable; from attachment to you I have ſtudied him attentively, but his prudence

would defeat an obſerver of much more experience than I.

DOR. He is againſt Mr. St. Ives, I am certain.

MEL. So, this is a new whim! ——You have juſt made that diſcovery this inſtant.

DOR. And Durand, his ſecretary, Peter, his ſervant, and all the family are for the Marquis of Rozelle, I do not doubt it.

MEL. You are raving ſurely. But if it really was ſo, would your father ſuffer himſelf to be governed by Durand? Does he leave to him entirely the care of examining the papers? Is he ſatisfied with ſimple extracts made by a ſecretary? Beſides, is not that very Durand himſelf an honeſt man? He has lived here theſe ſix years; Judge Belmont before he took him, made the moſt minute enquiries into his conduct, and his whole life, and in attaching him to himſelf, ſecured to him a lot which is ſufficient to place a man infinitely leſs worthy than Durand, above the temptation of being corrupted. "It is my deſire, "ſaid the judge, that my ſecretary ſhould "be in ſuch eaſy circumſtances, as never to "be tempted by a ſecret deſpicable offer. "What title can I have to prohibit him "from receiving money, if I do not make "his ſituation comfortable? In ſhort, added "he, the meanneſs of a ſecretary reflects "upon his maſter, and is ſufficient to tarniſh "his reputation; and the judge who knows "and ſuffers it, partakes in the infamy."

Such was the language of Judge Belmont, and ſuch are his principles. You were too young at that time to be ſtruck with it, but I was then ſixteen, and every circumſtance is freſh in my memory.

ROR. I remember them perfectly, though I was but twelve years old. I have no doubt of the probity of Durand; beſides, my father watches him ſo narrowly, that it ſeems to me impoſſible that he could dare to betray his truſt, even if he were leſs honeſt than he is; he knows too well that my father would be inflexible in that reſpect, and the firſt fault of that kind would coſt him his place. But he has ſeen the Marquis of Rozelle ſeveral times, and may be prejudiced in his favour.

MEL. A ſecretary who takes no money will not be prejudiced; beſides, if the Marquis of Rozelle has gained the favour of Durand by his ingenuity and eloquence, you may be perſuaded that Durand cannot ſeduce your father.

DOR. Melcourt, you reaſon very coldly upon this ſubject.

MEL. Yes, I reaſon judiciouſly, and I plainly ſee that is not what you wiſh for at preſent. You only ſeek to diſtract yourſelf, and whatever ſhould make you eaſy, is ſure to diſpleaſe.

DOR. I own to you I am not myſelf. I expect the night, I expect the day, with inexpreſſible fears! I have a beating at my heart

which never leaves me, when I think of the enemies of Mr. St. Ives; when I reflect that to-morrow, that day ſo much wiſhed for, will perhaps be a day of triumph to them, I feel a weight at the bottom of my ſoul which oppreſſes and overwhelms me, and I experience emotions of rage and reſentment, which drive me almoſt to madneſs.——Certainly I am in a fever, I am not in my uſual ſtate; I have not my ſenſes.——I am diſſatisfied with every thing around me, even with you, Melcourt, you do not give me the leaſt conſolation, on the contrary, this whole morning you have not ſpoken a word but what has diſtreſſed me.—I ſee that you have a foreboding of my misfortune, and want to prepare me for it.————You believe that Mr. St. Ives will loſe his cauſe.————Tell me really what you think? Tell me the truth?

MEL. My God, muſt I always repeat the ſame thing? I am perſuaded of the juſtice of Mr. St. Ives's cauſe; his affairs are in the hands of Judge Belmont, therefore it ſeems to me, we have every reaſon to hope.

DOR. It ſeems to you!————You ſpoke much more poſitively yeſterday.

MEL. You believe ſo! But I aſſure you I have always held the ſame language.

DOR. In ſhort, you have changed your opinion!

MEL. What, would you have me ſay that I am ſure Mr. St. Ives will gain his

cauſe? Could ſuch folly comfort, or ſatisfy you?

Dor. I wiſh to have one to ſhare my diſtreſſes, I wiſh not to have them exaſperated ſtill more by harſh and diſguſting coldneſs! In ſhort, I would have leſs of reaſon perhaps, but more friendſhip.——Melcourt, leave me; I tire you, you diſtreſs me; I am not in a ſtate at preſent to bear impatience and contradiction; leave me I pray you.————

Mel. You ſuffer, you are unhappy; if I could offend you, my dear Dorval, I muſt certainly be in fault, a fault for which I never could forgive myſelf.————

Dor. Dear Melcourt, excuſe an unhappy wretch who is not himſelf!——Would to Heaven that your reaſon would recover mine. Educated together, the ties of blood, habit and friendſhip ought to unite us for ever. I am unjuſt and violent, but you know, Melcourt, whether or not you are dear to me!—I offend you, but however I would ſacrifice my life for you.————

Mel. I am ſure of it; your heart cannot love lightly; but if you do not learn to repreſs that exceſſive ſenſibility and impetuoſity of temper, you will always be unhappy.——

Dor. Ah, how I envy your prudence and tranquility!

Mel. I am two and twenty, and you are but eighteen.————

Dor. Your underſtanding was always ſuperior to your age.——When I compare my-

ſelf to you, Melcourt, I cannot conceive the friendſhip which attaches you to me. How I bluſh at my own weakneſs, when I think how little I have profited by the care and inſtructions of my father, and your counſels.—I have never received any examples but what were virtuous and noble; I was bred under the eye of my father in this houſe, where order, decency, and peace reigned without interruption; in ſhort, in this houſe, the auguſt ſanctuary of juſtice, diſintereſtedneſs, benevolence and all the virtues! And, though ſo young, my heart is already open to the moſt impetuous paſſions, and I am a perfect madman!——Alas! what humiliating reflections!——However, I feel in my heart an ardent deſire to diſtinguiſh myſelf, and in a future day to equal my father; the ſplendor of his reputation, the glory of his life inflame my ſoul, and warmly ſtrike my imagination.—Yes, to attain the happineſs of reſembling him, I ſhall have fortitude, if it is neceſſary to make the greateſt ſacrifices.—Yes, I will vanquiſh the violence of my temper, and maſter my paſſions.—Do you not hope, my dear Melcourt, that it will be poſſible for me to get the better of my faults?—

MEL. With your principles, and thoſe noble ſentiments by which you are diſtinguiſhed, what is not to be expected from you? Beſides, have you not heard that your father in his young days had very warm

paſſions? He was agreeable, much ſought after, and was fond of ſociety: however, the deſire of acquiring a great character, but particularly a love of virtue, very ſoon triumphed over his other inclinations, and without heſitation he ſacrificed all his deſires to the duties of his office.—But ſomebody comes.—

DOR. Ah Heavens! I recollect the voice of Sinclair; how unlucky!—

MEL. Here he comes, reſtrain yourſelf; only think how indiſcreet and giddy he is.

DOR. I had ſtill a thouſand things to ſay to you: this viſit diſtracts me.

SCENE II.

DORVAL, MELCOUR T, SINCLAIR.

SIN. Good day, Dorval.----Cannot I ſee your father?

DOR. No, he has been ſhut up in his cloſet ever ſince dinner.

SIN. Very well.---But did not you ſay in his cloſet.—Is not this his cloſet, where we now are?

DOR. No, it is not here, that my father uſually ſtudies.

SIN. I cannot conceive how Mr. Belmont can ſtand the dreadful fatigue of the inceſſant application he impoſes on himſelf.———

MEL. By never ſitting up, but going regularly to bed every night at half an hour after ten, he preſerves his health, and never ſleeps in court.

SIN. Such a practice would kill me.----

MEL. That may be; to be ſure it will not agree with every one.

SIN. I do not think that Dorval will be tempted to embrace the profeſſion of the robe, and for an evident reaſon: certainly the example ſet him by his father is excellent, but

that auſterity is not calculated to tempt a young man; this houſe is a kind of convent.—To go to bed at ten o'clock, to renounce the world, and all public amuſements, never to entertain his friends, to paſs one's whole life ſhut up in a cloſet—it is truly heroic—— but for my part, I ſee no difference between the lot of a hermit, and that of Mr. Belmont.

DOR. [peeviſhly.] We may however obſerve a ſmall one which has eſcaped you; it is, that a hermit is not uſeful to any body. So you will allow that the compariſon is not a happy one.

SIN. I only joked—certainly the good of the public, and our own honour, are great incentives in our profeſſion——

DOR. [low to Melcourt.] Our profeſſion ſaid he; that expreſſion diſguſts me from his mouth.

MEL. [low to Dorval.] Huſh I pray you.

SIN. Now I think on't, that famous cauſe of the Marquis of Rozelle is to be decided to-morrow—a very delicate—a very perplexed affair——

DOR. [aſide.] Perplexed—I ſhall loſe all patience.——

SIN. I never heard till this day that Mr. St. Ives had a daughter, ſhe is eighteen, and is ſaid to be very engaging; ſhe has only one brother; if her father gains his cauſe ſhe will be rich—but the loſs of this trial would overturn

their whole fortune—It is a very dreadful ſituation, that of Mr. St. Ives; perhaps on the eve of being ruined and diſhonoured.—Where are you going, Dorval?

DOR. [ſtopping.] To avoid a converſation ——in which I ought not to partake——you forget that my father is the Reporter of Mr. St. Ives.

MEL. Certainly this is not a proper place for a converſation on that ſubject.

SIN. [aſide.] Such pedantry!——[aloud, looking at his watch.] How is this, it is eight o'clock, the rehearſal will be begun.

MEL. What rehearſal?

SIN. Why faith, I am, much againſt my will, the firſt performer of a ſociety who amuſe themſelves with acting plays.

MEL. So you have turned player?

SIN. What would you have me do? I yielded to the perſecution of three or four women of rank, who have obliged me to take half a dozen characters.

MEL. Of what caſt are yours?

SIN. I have played the Gameſter, Darvianne, Count Olban; in the laſt part particularly, I preſume to think I had ſome ſucceſs.—It is true our Nancy was charming; and beſides, ſhe plays like an angel; it is no exaggeration to ſay that ſhe is infinitely ſuperior to the beſt actreſs on the ſtage.

MEL. I am not ſurprized at it; I have never yet ſeen a company of ladies and gentlemen

who have not had the ſame opinion of two or three of their actors.---But however, I will lay a wager that this ſame great actreſs is always taking leſſons.——

Sin. O yes, that is neceſſary, to acquire the ſtage manner; but her abilities exceed thoſe of her maſter, a thouſand times.

Mel. The players muſt be exceedingly humbled! They dedicate their whole lives to the ſtudy of a very difficult art, and notwithſtanding all their labour and pains, they have the daily mortification to ſee themſelves equalled and even ſurpaſſed by people of faſhion, who without practice, without trouble, turning comedians only by accident, and for their amuſement, arrive at perfection however with ſo much facility.—That is provoking to the players, it muſt be allowed.——

Sin. You may laugh, but I aſſure you our company is excellent.—Our laſt exhibition was received with tranſports.

Mel. I am perſuaded that it deſerved it—but applauſe proves very little.—In accepting a ticket of admiſſion, do they not come under an engagement to applaud?

Sin. But if people were tired with our entertainment would they come?

Mel. Do you reckon idleneſs and curioſity for nothing?

Dor. Good God, Melcourt, why do you intermeddle? don't you ſee how you detain the gentleman, and intrude upon his complaiſance? —He is waited for——

SIN. Certainly I ſhall be cruelly ſcolded. ——Adieu, I muſt run; farewell.

[He goes out.]

SCENE III.

DORVAL, MELCOURT.

DOR. Ah, I recover again.—You ſeemed to be charmed with his converſation.

MEL. I could not reſiſt the pleaſure of laughing a little at his ridiculous vanity. Beſides, could you imagine that a man of Sinclair's profeſſion would adopt a kind of amuſement, undoubtedly very agreeable, but which muſt neceſſarily conſume a great deal of time!

DOR. Don't I hear my father?

MEL. Yes, it is he.—I leave you; I am obliged to go out, but I will return to ſup with you.

DOR. Do not fail;—I pray you don't forſake me this evening in the ſtate I am in.

MEL. I will be back in half an hour.

[He goes out.]

DOR. Is it poſſible that I can be ſo unhappy, with ſuch a friend, and the beſt of fathers!——

SCENE IV.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL.

J. Bel. [holding a letter.] I was enquiring for you, my ſon.—I want to talk with you on buſineſs of importance.——

Dor. Pray, Sir, what is it?

J. Bel. Your education is finiſhed, and I have been adviſing you for this laſt year, to reflect ſeriouſly upon the choice of a profeſſion for life; and now the time is come for you to determine.

Dor. All my reflexions are already made, and the profeſſion which appears to me Sir, the moſt uſeful and the moſt reſpectable, is yours.——

J. Bel. Attend, I pray you: I have juſt now received a letter from Melcourt's brother-in-law; he offers me a very advantageous military employment for you.——Here is his letter, read it. [He gives it to him.]

Dor. This favour, which I certainly owe to the friendſhip of Melcourt, cannot make me alter my reſolution. [He reads the letter to himſelf.]

J. Bel. You love glory; think then, my ſon, that the moſt ſplendid is that which may be acquired by a military man.

Dor. The moſt ſolid is in my eyes the moſt ſplendid; I honour and reſpect a military man who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his courage and abilities, but in ſhort, it is only on a tranſient occaſion of misfortune and calamity that he can be uſeful to his country; peace, which it is his duty to wiſh for as a good citizen, deprives him of every opportunity of ſignalizing himſelf, and he is again immerſed in idleneſs and inactivity. For my part, I wiſh to dedicate my whole life to the ſervice of the public, and I wiſh to be able to prove my love and zeal for my country at all times. Allow me then to enter that noble courſe which you have run with ſo much honour——You ſerve your country and your fellow-citizens equally in times of peace or war; nothing interrupts, nothing ſuſpends your laborious toils; every day adds to your glory, and death alone can limit that benevolent and generous activity.—That is the profeſſion I have choſen, and you are the reſpectable model I wiſh to imitate. I own, Sir, I profeſs neither your virtues nor your genius, but I ſhall have your counſels and example.

J. Bel. I have for a long time known your ſentiments on that head; your reſolution ſeemed to me to be fixed and determined; however, my ſon, I ſtill think it my duty to combat it; remember, that to diſtinguiſh yourſelf in the line of life you now prefer, you muſt renounce pleaſures, the world, and the agreeable charms of ſociety. No profeſſion pre-

ſcribes duties ſo rigorous, or ſo difficult to diſcharge.

DOR. It is therefore the more honourable.

J. BEL. Your ſentiments are elevated; your ſoul is noble and pure, but your paſſions are violent———

DOR. I ſhall conquer them.

J. BEL. Can you give up reading agreeable ſubjects, my ſon, and ceaſe to employ yourſelf in purſuits of learning and the arts, to dedicate your life entirely to the ſtudy of the law; a dry, abſtract, perplexed ſtudy, which requires all the diſcernment of the ſoundeſt reaſon, and the moſt conſtant and aſſiduous attention?

DOR. The deſire of rendering his name illuſtrious, enables him, with pleaſure, to go through a fatiguing employment, and to ſurmount the diſguſt of an unvaried occupation.

J. BEL. But you have great ſenſibility: will you have courage to reſiſt the emotions of a pity which is often dangerous? will you be able, when your duty requires it, to ſacrifice compaſſion and your ſecret feelings, to juſtice which is ſometimes afflicting and ſevere? Are you ſure of never ſuffering yourſelf to be blinded by the prejudices of friendſhip, or the ſeduction of love?—You bluſh, my ſon, you caſt down your eyes; the auſterity of this picture diſturbs and ſurpriſes you, and cools your zeal!

DOR. No, Sir, nothing can abate it. I knew

the duties of a judge before this converſation. Do not you faithfully diſcharge them all? You poſſeſs thoſe auſtere qualities which you deſcribe; you have made all thoſe ſacrifices you ſpeak of, and you are happy! Glory, your reputation, and more eſpecially the teſtimony of your own conſcience, amply recompenſes you the want of thoſe things of which you have deprived yourſelf, and makes you cheriſh and prefer the elevated ſtation you have choſen, to every other. ———

J. Bel. Yes, undoubtedly, I am happy. I may have deceived myſelf, but at leaſt my life is not ſtained by any voluntary fault; I have nothing eſſential to reproach myſelf with; however, do not imagine, my ſon, that I am exempt from agitations, troubles, and even repentance.

Dor. Repentance!—You, my father!——

J. Bel. To excite remorſe in the wicked, there muſt be guilt, while even a ſlight fault will excite it in the man of virtue. Every time that I have undertaken a thorny delicate affair, I have ſenſibly felt that uneaſineſs which is unavoidable, eſpecially in our profeſſion. At firſt, when I examine a cauſe, long practice has enabled me to diſentangle it in a little time with great facility; I ſoon think I have unravelled all the difficulties; then, after mature deliberation, I form an opinion, and certain that I am free from prejudice and partiality, I am perfectly tranquil: but in proportion as the day of trial approaches, a crowd of fears,

uncertainties and ſcruples, ariſe ſucceſſively to torment me. Then, I think I have not been ſufficiently careful in examining the affair; it ſeems to me that I have been guilty of a thouſand negligences; I reproach myſelf bitterly for the moſt trivial inattentions, and in ſhort, my peace is diſturbed by cruel diſquiet!———

Dor. Theſe diſquiets do you honour, they prove the exceſs of your delicacy.—But I am grieved in thinking that this day—you perhaps feel them—ſuch an intereſting cauſe is to be decided to-morrow!———

J. Bel. Certainly my heart is not without emotion!

Dor. O heaven!——however—this caſe ſeems ſo clear, and the rights of Mr. St. Ives ſo well eſtabliſhed!

J. Bel. [with ſeverity.] You ought to be ſilent with your opinion, Dorval.

Dor. [aſide.] Alas! I had almoſt betrayed myſelf.

SCENE V.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL, PETER.

PET. [to Judge Belmont.] Sir, the Marquis of Rozelle deſires to know if you will admit him.

J. BEL. Yes, certainly——

[Peter goes out.]

DOR. [aſide.] The Marquis of Rozelle!—I muſt fly to avoid this deteſted meeting.

[He moves to go out.]

J. BEL. Hear me, Dorval; Melcourt's brother-in-law deſires a ſpeedy anſwer; keep his letter; I beg you will read it with attention, and in two days you will inform me of your ultimate determination.

DOR. Yes, Sir—[aſide.] I ſee Mr. St. Ives is ruined, I am diſtracted——

[He goes out violently agitated.]

SCENE VI.

JUDGE BELMONT [alone.]

He will certainly perſiſt in his purpoſe!——it is right that I ſhould combat his opinion; but O how I enjoy the motives by which he is determined! What a noble feeling mind! how dear he is to me!——Somebody comes——it is the Marquis of Rozelle——I muſt now guard againſt ſeduction, and all the arts of the moſt dexterous ſolicitation.——

SCENE VII.

JUDGE BELMONT, The MARQUIS.

MAR. [holding a paper.] I beg your pardon, Sir, for once more intruding upon you.

J. BEL. [preſenting him a chair; they both ſit down.] It is my duty to hear you, my Lord.——

MAR. I know, Sir, how much you are above being affected with ſolicitations, and how much you deſpiſe them; but it is not always in our power to limit the zeal of friendſhip——One

of my friends has juſt now compelled me to receive this letter, which he brought from Verſailles, and has exacted a poſitive promiſe from me, that I would deliver it to you—— Here it is, it is addreſſed to you——[He gives him a letter.]

J. Bel. [taking it.] You know, my Lord, that a letter of recommendation, whatever are the contents, can have no influence in an affair of this kind. [He opens the letter and reads it.]

Mar. [while the Judge is reading.] I think as you do; but when one has a number of relations and friends, who all live at court, it is impoſſible to decline every proof of attachment they are deſirous of giving——yet what numbers I have refuſed—— I ſincerely deſpiſe all thoſe little means——beſides, I own I have an entire confidence in the goodneſs of my cauſe; and I may ſay, without flattering myſelf, that I have the general opinion and the univerſal wiſh in my favour———My memorials have had an effect———eſpecially at Verſailles———

J. Bel. [after having read the letter.] My Lord, I think myſelf greatly honoured by receiving a letter ſigned with ſo reſpectable a name.———

Mar. I know that its contents are favourable for me; a teſtimony the more flattering, as I neither aſked nor deſired it.

J. Bel. Have you any thing particular to ſay to me, my Lord, on the ſubject of your cauſe?

MAR. Here is one letter more, but of another kind, which I intreat, Sir, you will be ſo good as to read; it is not included in my memorials, becauſe it was not obtained for me till this very day. You know the hand-writing of Mr. St. Ives, that letter is from him; it is addreſſed to Lady Agincourt his ſiſter-in-law.———

J. BEL. But has not Lady Agincourt quarrelled with Mr. St. Ives?

MAR. Certainly, and for egregious miſconduct—You will ſee in this letter clear proofs of an entire confidence on the part of Mr. St. Ives; you will likewiſe ſee ſeveral very lively ſatires againſt men in office.

J. BEL. What is that to me, my Lord?

MAR. I mean to prove by it, that Mr. St. Ives is a violent, impetuous, malicious, imprudent and inconſiderate man, ſince he can in ſuch a manner write his opinions and ſentiments to a woman———

J. BEL. This woman was his ſiſter-in-law, and he thought ſhe was his friend.

MAR. But he has quarrelled with her beyond all bounds of diſcretion.

J. BEL. Perhaps he had good reaſons.

MAR. But however, ſhe was miſtreſs of his ſecrets.

J. BEL. He imagined ſhe was incapable of betraying them, and probably thought that honour was ſuperior to hatred with her.

MAR. If you pleaſe, Sir, to read the letter, it will let you know the man——

J. Bel. No, my Lord, I ſee a ſingle expreſſion at the bottom of this letter which muſt prevent me from reading it.——

Mar. What is it?

J. Bel. [ſhewing the place.] Here it is, read it; "burn this letter," yet notwithſtanding this deſire, which ſhould ever be deemed ſacred by worthy people, the letter ſtill exiſts at the end of two years, and Lady Agincourt puts it into the hands of his enemies—— Such conduct ſtrikes me with horror; I will not ſhare in the iniquity; I will not read the letter.

Mar. If you knew the extent of the injury Mr. St. Ives has done to his ſiſter-in-law.——

J. Bel. Whatever it is, it cannot vindicate this unworthy abuſe of former confidence. Beſides, my Lord, the quarrel of Lady Agincourt and her brother-in-law has no concern with your affair; ſo that theſe particulars can be of no uſe to me.——

Mar. But they may ſerve to make you acquainted with the character of Mr. St. Ives.——

J. Bel. It is neither the character nor conduct of Mr. St. Ives, that I ſhould attend to, but on the cauſe that is entruſted to me; whatever is foreign to it, I have no buſineſs with; he may have been in the wrong with another, but right with you; the preſent queſtion is not, if he is an honeſt man, but if he has juſtice on his ſide on this occaſion.——That is the only

point of his life and yours which I ought to enquire into.

MAR. I think, however.———

SCENE VIII.

JUDGE BELMONT, The MARQUIS, PETER.

PET. [to Judge Belmont.] Sir, Mr. Morell is in the hall.

J. BEL. Let him come up.

[Peter goes out.]

J. BEL. [riſing.] He is the counſellor of Mr. St. Ives; have you any thing more to ſay, it is late; will you give me leave, my Lord, to receive him?

MAR. I leave you; but let me once more beg you will read over again the paper I had the honour to deliver you this morning.

J. BEL. Depend upon it, my Lord, I neglect nothing that can give me information. [He accompanies him ſome ſteps towards the door.]

MAR. Then I am ſatisfied.———[Aſide in going out.] Ah, how I repent of not having demanded another Reporter!———

[He goes out.]

J. Bel. No, my Lord, I ſee a ſingle expreſſion at the bottom of this letter which muſt prevent me from reading it.——

Mar. What is it?

J. Bel. [ſhewing the place.] Here it is, read it; "burn this letter," yet notwithſtanding this deſire, which ſhould ever be deemed ſacred by worthy people, the letter ſtill exiſts at the end of two years, and Lady Agincourt puts it into the hands of his enemies—— Such conduct ſtrikes me with horror; I will not ſhare in the iniquity; I will not read the letter.

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point of his life and yours which I ought to enquire into.

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[Peter goes out.]

J. BEL. [riſing.] He is the counſellor of Mr. St. Ives; have you any thing more to ſay, it is late; will you give me leave, my Lord, to receive him?

MAR. I leave you; but let me once more beg you will read over again the paper I had the honour to deliver you this morning.

J. BEL. Depend upon it, my Lord, I neglect nothing that can give me information. [He accompanies him ſome ſteps towards the door.]

MAR. Then I am ſatisfied.———[Aſide in going out.] Ah, how I repent of not having demanded another Reporter!———

[He goes out.]

J. Bel. [alone.] I believe he goes away very much diſſatisfied with me, and thinks my principles exceſſively rigid!—— Here comes Mr. Morell.

SCENE IX.

JUDGE BELMONT, MORELL.

Mor. Mr. St. Ives could not come this evening, Sir, his daughter is taken ill: that young lady, at the eve of ſeeing a cauſe decided in which her father's fortune and reputation are at ſtake, ſuffers a degree of anxiety that cannot be deſcribed; ſhe has juſt now had an attack upon her nerves which was truly dreadful, and Mr. St. Ives will not leave her. He has charged me to deliver this paper to you, Sir, which he ſays is not of great importance, but however, he begs it may be examined this evening by your ſecretary; and that by the time you awake to-morrow, you may have an extract of it, for your peruſal before you go to court.

J. Bel. Do you know what the paper contains?

Mor. Yes, Sir, there are ſome additional arguments relating to the caſe; it likewiſe treats of ſome new matter which we could not

give you ſooner, but as theſe particulars are not eſſential, an examination by Mr. Durand will be ſufficient.

J. Bel. Will that examination require much time?

Mor. At leaſt two hours, becauſe it is neceſſary for aſcertaining the accuracy of the declarations, to conſult a great many of the original pieces which are in your poſſeſſion.

J. Bel. I muſt be at the court to-morrow morning by ſix o'clock; therefore, ſince the paper is of ſome importance, I will order Durand not to go to bed, but to examine it.

Mor. Will you give me leave, Sir, to aſk your opinion of my laſt memorial, I mean only as to the ſtyle and manner in which it is written. It was you, Sir, that determined me to chooſe the profeſſion of counſellor; I hope you will condeſcend, by your advice, to enable me to diſtinguiſh myſelf.

J. Bel. You expect to be treated with ſincerity by me, and you ſhall not be diſappointed. You promiſe great talents, you have an infinite deal of genius; your firſt memorials were written with a diſcretion ſo much the more valuable, as in theſe days it is very uncommon; but I own to you privately, I blamed ſeveral things in your laſt; you there allowed yourſelf to introduce ſome ſtrokes of wit, which are exceſſively diſguſting in an affair where the honour of him whom you defend is eſſentially attacked; beſides, at any rate, it is a manner by no means proper for an orator whoſe ſtyle

ſhould be elevated and judicious. Take my advice, and prefer the eſteem of your readers, to the vain pleaſure of amuſing them; aſpire to the honour of intereſting and inſtructing, and endeavour to make your underſtanding, your eloquence, and your principles admired; that is the only ambition worthy of a counſellor, or any writer who wiſhes to diſtinguiſh himſelf, and who deſires not a trifling tranſient ſucceſs, but a ſolid ſpendid reputation. I adviſe you ſtill to improve your taſte by reading, and a ſtudied attention to your language; be particularly careful not to confound emphaſis with heat and exertion, and do not imagine, that to be eloquent, it is ſufficient to be diffuſive and declamatory. I do not recommend to you, not to ſtain your memorials by perſonal inſults and abuſive epithets; your dignity of mind will not allow you to ſink to ſuch exceſſes; beſides, it can only be preſerved by a good underſtanding and taſte: theſe vulgar ruſticities, and low expreſſions, can only excite indignation and contempt, and debaſe him who makes uſe of them.

Mor. Yes, Sir, I ſhall follow ſuch noble, ſuch wiſe counſels; you equally convince my heart and my reaſon.

J. Bel. In ſhort, I would have you conſider the dignity of your profeſſion; when the duties of it are properly diſcharged, there can be none more honourable; there is none where virtue and abilities find more frequent op-

portunities of being diſplayed, and ſhining with luſtre. What lot is more deſireable than that of a counſellor who unites good ſenſe and genius to probity? Who never undertakes a cauſe he believes to be unjuſt, but always a zealous defender of the oppreſſed, unmaſks fraud, confounds impoſture, and attains to glory and fortune by procuring the triumph of innocence; ſuch a man, undoubtedly, the benefactor of humanity, is entitled to the admiration of the age in which he lives; he abſorbs, he taſtes of every kind of ſucceſs; as a worthy man he is beloved and reſpected: by the ſhining talent of his oratory, he enchants, captivates and ſeduces; and his writings being handed down to poſterity, immortalize his name, his labours and his virtues.

Mor. O Sir, with what enthuſiaſm you fill my ſoul!—Permit me ſometimes to come and imbibe from ſuch ſalutary converſation, a knowledge and love of my duty; condeſcend to inform and protect my youth; to fortify the principles of a good heart, undoubtedly is a work worthy of you.

J. Bel. You are not yet thirty, you have not been dazzled by your firſt ſucceſs, and you love advice; that is the true way to improve. Preſumption depraves the heart, checks the progreſs of the underſtanding, and fixes in mediocrity the fooliſh young man who is intoxicated with it. But I am obliged to put an end to this converſation, and as I am to get up

to-morrow by five o'clock, I muſt now retire; come and deliver that paper of Mr. St. Ives to my ſecretary, yourſelf, and inſtruct him in what you would have done. Come.

[They go out.]

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

DURAND, holding a paper, PETER.

PETER.

YES, my maſter is juſt gone to bed, and gave me expreſs orders to recommend the examination of that paper to you.

DUR. My God! Mr. Morell and he have already talked to me on the ſubject of it, for more than a quarter of an hour!

PET. You know that my maſter is ſo ſcrupulous.

DUR. Scrupulous indeed, to exceſs.

PET. He likewiſe bid me repeat to you, that this paper was of great importance.——

DUR. Yes, yes, that is always his expreſſion; but ſince he does not paſs the night in examining it himſelf, I promiſe you that this great importance is not real. But however, I ſhall ſit up, he commanded me to do ſo, and that is ſufficient.

PET. Well I leave you——but by the by I have a droll affair to tell you.——This evening, the Marquis of Rozelle's ſervant wanted to chat with me; I who am well acquainted with theſe things ſaw him coming.——He wanted to know, by way of converſation, if you had not a miſtreſs, a little love affair, called a————

DUR. To find a Reporter and his ſecretary both without a miſtreſs; is an accident that muſt defeat all intrigue.————

PET. Upon my faith, I muſt own it is very hard luck————

DUR. This ſame Marquis of Rozelle has diſcovered by ſome means, I don't know how, that I have a ſiſter a linen-draper, and has bought from her above a hundred pounds worth of lace.

PET. [laughing.] And without higgling, I'll engage?

DUR. Ay, that you need not doubt. But when he wanted to ſpeak of his cauſe, my ſiſter, who is an honeſt woman, plainly declared that ſhe never intermeddled in ſuch affairs, and poſitively refuſed to enter into any farther explanation.

PET. Mr. St. Ives would not have done ſuch a mean thing; I believe he is a man of real honour.——But I hear Mr. Dorval; what accident can bring him here at this hour?

SCENE II.

DORVAL, DURAND, PETER.

DOR. [very uneaſy.] Mr. Durand!—How you chat with Peter!——I thought you were buſy.——

DUR. But, Sir, I have time enough; it is not midnight, and I ſhall not go to bed.

DOR. [in a low and broken voice.] You have ſeen Mr. Morell this evening? He gave you a paper.——It was my father's intention that that paper ſhould be examined with the greateſt care.————

DUR. [looking at him with ſurpriſe.] Truly, Sir, you ſurpriſe me very much!

DOR. Peter, what are you doing there? Go to bed——If my father knew that you were amuſing yourſelf here in converſation, he would be exceedingly diſpleaſed, I aſſure you.——Don't let us interrupt Mr. Durand. ——Adieu, my dear Durand.—[He ſqueezes

him by the hand.] Farewell !——[Aſide.] I don't know where I am, nor what I ſay, I loſe my ſenſes !———

[He goes out haſtily.]

SCENE III.

DURAND, PETER.

PET. What the devil is the matter with him ?

DUR. I am aſtoniſhed——tears were in his eyes, he trembled, he is diſturbed, and quite beſide himſelf.

PET. He is an amiable young man, and for generoſity and goodneſs, he has not his equal; but for ſome time paſt I have obſerved he is a little crackbrained.———

DUR. Well !———

PET. He has a kind of vertigo ; all of a ſudden the colour ruſhes into his face ; and then in a moment after, he is as pale as death. Sometimes while he is in a reverie, he is greatly agitated, he takes terrible ſtrides acroſs the floor ; then he will ſink into his chair and remain there for an hour together ſtupid as a block.——But what is ſtranger,

and more ſurpriſing, he talks to himſelf day and night; then to ſee his geſtures, and how he will ſtrike his his head, and ſtretch out his arms as if he was ſpouting a tragedy——he is too lively a youth, and has been made to give too cloſe application: ſome reſt and a few good bleedings, will ſet all to rights.—— Good night, Mr. Durand, do you want any thing?

DUR. No, thank ye, Peter.

PET. Well, I muſt go to bed; I have made a very long day of it, but it is not I, that am to dreſs my maſter to-morrow.—You have pens and ink?

DUR. Yes, yes.

PET. I muſt go then, good night.

[He goes out.]

SCENE IV.

DURAND [alone.]

Now let me go to work. I got up ſo early this morning I am not in very good condition for it—and to be at it all night—it is true, I may ſleep as much as I pleaſe to-morrow—but I am ſo tired and harraſſed to-night—I am not indefatigable like Judge Belmont, I am far from it; he is ſtrengthened and animated by a love of glory; for my part, if I was to toil till I killed myſelf, the name of Durand would not be more celebrated—But muſt I not act for conſcience ſake——reputation is a fine thing, but ſelf-approbation is much better! Judge Belmont unites both theſe advantages in himſelf, it is not therefore ſurpriſing that he is ſo laborious and active!—[He approaches the deſk, arranges ſome papers, and ſits down.] Where is the paper from which I am to take an extract?—ay, here it is—[He caſts his eyes over it.] What empty expreſſions, and ſo foreign to the matter!—[He yawns and takes ſnuff.] Sleep ſteals upon me in ſpite of me! Come, come,

I muſt rouſe. [He reads low. In a little time his eyes ſhut, and his head falling upon his breaſt, the motion wakes him.] What a terrible thing it is to be ſo ſleepy—I am quite ſpent. [He yawns, ſtretches himſelf, and takes ſnuff ſeveral times.] There—now I am a little better—I muſt go on—[He reads.] There never was the like of this—I ſee double; my eyes are ſo ſtiff.—[He rubs them.] This is really a puniſhment.—[He reads, then falls aſleep with his head leaning on his elbow, his arm falls at the ſide of the deſk, which wakes him.] Tut—I have burnt my hand—my neck is twiſted——it is impoſſible to get the better of ſleep; I muſt ſleep half an hour to refreſh myſelf——the ideas——then I will go to work—[He riſes, and gets two cuſhions, and places them under his head, then draws a chair upon which he places his feet, and lays himſelf down.] Now I feel as if I was in heaven—my extract will be done in an hour and a half; ſo that----I ſhall have time----beſides———[He ſleeps ſoundly.]

SCENE V.

JUDGE BELMONT in his night-gown and night-cap, DURAND aſleep.

J. Bel. [at the bottom of the ſtage.] I cannot reſiſt my diſquiet!---[Durand ſnores loud.] What is this I hear!---[He comes forward and ſees his ſecretary aſleep.] He ſleeps quietly! ----he neglects his duty, and can ſleep!---- While the agitation of a thouſand cruel cares diſturb, torment, and drive me from my bed, Durand ſleeps and enjoys that repoſe which forſakes me---But, is he a magiſtrate? is he a judge? Ah, it is I that muſt watch!---he may ſleep indeed; am not I anſwerable for his negligence, for his faults.----[He puſhes him to wake him] Durand, Durand. ———

Dur. [ſtarting out of his ſleep.] What is the matter?----O heaven!- --Sir———[He riſes.]

J. Bel. Is this the way you do your duty?

Dur. [in confuſion.] Sir—it is becauſe—ſleep ſurpriſed me ———

J. Bel. It ſeems however, you expected it,

for you have made a very commodious reſting place. But go to my ſtudy and make up for loſt time; carry theſe papers; go, and I will follow you.

DUR. I hope, Sir, you will pardon me——

J. BEL. Mr. Durand, a ſecond fault of this kind, will make you loſe my confidence entirely.——

DUR. I proteſt to you, Sir.——

J. BEL. That is enough; go to my ſtudy.

[Durand takes the papers and goes out.]

SCENE VI.

JUDGE BELMONT [alone]

I muſt be indulgent to his lazineſs; I am at leaſt ſecure of his probity; that is the eſſential merit of a ſecretary. [He looks at his watch.] It is two o'clock—In four hours I ſhall be at the Court, and in ſeven perhaps judgment will be pronounced: A judgment which is to determine the rank and fortune of two men, and which muſt diſgrace either the one or the other.——And their deſtiny, ſtill uncertain, in a great meaſure depends upon the opinion I ſhall give!—[He pulls a paper out of his pocket.] Theſe are the concluſions! Here is a paper written with my own hand, the reading of which muſt, in a few inſtants, decide for ever the fate of two citizens, two fathers of families!—I tremble and ſhudder in looking at that paper when I think of its importance!——[He lays it upon his deſk and ſits down. After a ſhort ſilence.] Let me examine my heart, let me ſearch into its deepeſt receſs, to ſee that I have no cauſe to reproach myſelf—Have I not been miſled by prejudice?

Have I meditated and reflected ſufficiently upon this buſineſs? Am I not too ſevere againſt him whom I think guilty?—Let me ſee, I will read it again. [He takes the paper and reads to himſelf.] How ſevere are theſe expreſſions!—[He riſes.] O heaven, the day which now begins to dawn, will be for the unhappy man whom I condemn, a day of ſhame and deſpair. Alas! I think I ſee the tears, I hear the groans of his diſtracted family, his children in diſmay!—He has a ſon ——of the age of Dorval!——Unfortunate youth——it wrings me to the ſoul!—This fatal picture, never abſent from my thoughts during the night, diſturbs and diſtracts my imagination.—O God, if this tender pity be a warning, a preſage of my error, of my injuſtice!—My ideas are confuſed, my reaſon diſordered.——This ſtate is too cruel, I cannot ſupport its violence!——[He falls back upon his chair.] Good heaven, what muſt I do in this dreadful perturbation!——[He throws himſelf upon his knees.] Gracious God! thou alone canſt inform me, and deliver me from this dreadful uncertainty. The weak underſtanding of man left to himſelf, alas! can only produce doubt and irreſolution; deign, O ſupreme wiſdom, deign to have pity on a heart, which ſeeks the truth, and trembles leſt it ſhould be miſtaken! [Continuing on his knees, leaning againſt his [illegible] fall his head upon his hands that

are cloſed together, and remains thus for ſome time with his face concealed, and in an attitude of the deepeſt recollection.]——[He riſes.] I find myſelf more at eaſe.—I feel as if a divine and benevolent hand had poured a ſalutary balm into the bottom of my ſoul.---A happy calm at laſt ſucceeds ſuch violent agitations!——Let me finiſh the reading of this paper. [He ſits down, and takes the paper again which contains his opinion, reading it to himſelf.]

SCENE VII.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL.

DOR. [with his hair in diſorder, his look wild, ſtopping at the bottom of the ſtage.] Let me ſee if Durand is ſtill employed.

J. BEL. [riſing.] What voice is that I hear?

DOR. [advancing.] O heavens! my father! ——Let me fly———

J. BEL. What do I ſee?——Dorval—— Stop.———

DOR. [aſide.] Ah! what ſhall I ſay to him?———

J. Bel. [looking at him attentively, with a mixture of ſurpriſe and fear.] What! Dorval, is it you?——What purpoſe brings you here?——What means this diſtraction which is ſo ſtrongly expreſſed in your countenance.———

Dor. O dear father.——I cannot ſtand the ſeverity of your looks, the terrible ſound of that awful threatening voice!—I pray you, Sir, have pity.———

J. Bel. Anſwer me I ſay. What could be your motive for coming into this cloſet at three o'clock in the morning? What did you want? In ſhort, from whence came you?

Dor. From my own apartment Sir, this inſtant.———

J. Bel. And why are not you in bed?

Dor. Alas! If my father refuſes me his compaſſion and indulgence—I am ruined and undone.———

J. Bel. Wretched creature! what have you done?—anſwer me.

Dor. [falling at his feet.] Know then the heart of your unhappy ſon; and let me inform you of a fatal error.———

J. Bel. [drawing back.] Stop. If the confeſſion diſhonours you, let the dreadful ſecret remain buried for ever——ſpare me the ſhame of knowing it, and the pain of puniſhing you. Go, if you are no longer worthy of the title of my ſon, begone, fly the preſence, not of a father, but of an implacable and dread-

Dor. You ſtrike me with terror---but however, thank heaven, my heart is ſtill pure and innocent---it is only my judgment that is gone aſtray.

J. Bel. [embracing him.] O my ſon, my dear ſon, you have relieved my ſoul from a cruel oppreſſion !----but is it poſſible you can feel diſtreſs and I not know it ! If you are innocent, ought you to fear me ?----What can be the cauſe of this exceſſive vexation which conſumes you, tears you from reſt, and makes you wander in the night ?--- Speak, explain yourſelf.———

Dor. An unconquerable affection miſleads my reaſon, and deſtroys my reſt.———

J. Bel. You are in love ?———

Dor. Exceſſively.———

J. Bel. What, can you have debaſed yourſelf by an unworthy choice ?———

Dor. Can one love a contemptible object ? ----Eſteem and admiration only could inſpire me with love.———

J. Bel. But why conceal from me the name of her you love ?---Is ſhe engaged ? Is her rank beneath yours ?———

Dor. No ; ſhe is of diſtinguiſhed birth ; ſhe is free ; to the ſeducing charms of figure, ſhe unites en excellent underſtanding, accompliſhments, and every virtue.---Yet I dare not name her to you.

J. Bel. You aſtoniſh me.----Proceed, and unveil this incomprehenſible myſtery.———

DOR. Alas Sir! What is it you deſire!

J. BEL. Delay no longer, I command you.——

DOR. Well then, I love; I love a beautiful virtuous woman, who will perhaps very ſoon be devoted by you, O my father, to eternal ſorrow.——

J. BEL. How?

DOR. In ſhort—it is—Miſs St. Ives.——

J. BEL. Miſs St. Ives!

DOR. What ſeverity I already ſee in your looks!—Deign, O Sir, to hear me before you condemn me: I love it is true, I love with violence; this fatal paſſion, which ſprung up inſenſibly, will fix the deſtiny of my life; but this unfortunate heart which gave itſelf away without your conſent, had at leaſt the courage and virtue not to form any engagement.——

J. BEL. Does Miſs St. Ives know your ſentiments?

DOR. No, Sir, and till this moment Melcourt has been my only confidant.——

J. BEL. And where did you become acquainted with Miſs St. Ives?

DOR. In Lorraine.

J. BEL. So that when you yielded yourſelf up to this violent paſſion, the law-ſuit of Mr. St. Ives was begun.—A ſuit, the loſs of which would deſtroy his honour!—Whatever may be the merit of Miſs St. Ives, could you ſuſpect

me capable of receiving into my family the daughter of a man who had been diſgraced? Ought not the doubt you muſt have been in on this important event to have induced you to fly from, and triumph over a growing paſſion?

Dor. Such an effort would have been fruitleſs.———

J. Bel. You cannot maſter your paſſions, and you deſire to be a judge?——

Dor. No, I cannot deſtroy ſuch a tender ſentiment; but if it muſt be, I can ſacrifice it to honour; beſides, I was convinced of the innocence of Mr. St. Ives; his reputation hitherto ſpotleſs; the reſpect with which he was regarded in his own country; the meanneſs and well known perfidy of his adverſary, altogether contributed to confirm me———

J. Bel. Silence, Sir. Do you recollect that you are ſpeaking to his judge?———

Dor. [aſide.] I tremble!

J. Bel. Fool, you are ſure of his innocence! And from what authority do you draw ſuch concluſions? Have you examined the buſineſs? Have you ſeen the evidence confronted, the papers, the defences and reciprocal accuſations? No, you have only conſulted that love which leads you aſtray; you are enthuſiaſtic, blind and raſh, and attaching yourſelf only to the opinion which flatters your wiſhes, if you are not unjuſt and a ſlanderer, it is the effect only of chance. Degraded, diſgraced by ſuch

exceſſive weakneſs, you dare propoſe to yourſelf to embrace a profeſſion, in which the firſt of all the virtues, is chiefly that of being inacceſſible to prejudice !——And it is my ſon who abandons himſelf to ſuch guilty errors—It is he, who governed by a fooliſh paſſion, forgets all his duties, even that of decency ; it is he, who in the night comes by ſtealth to find my ſecretary, to enquire of him, undoubtedly to interrogate him, and perhaps to ſeduce him !—O heaven ! is this the fruit and the reward of my inſtructions and my affection ! Alas ! how eaſy to deceive the heart of a father ! Even this very day, when you ſpoke to me of your intention, I believed it ſolid and immoveable ; I admired the nobleneſs of your ſentiments, your courage and your judgment ; I was proud of your merits, and you abuſed me! —Ah, my ſon !————

DOR. O heavens !—my father—in tears !—[he ruſhes into his arms.] O thou moſt reſpectable and deareſt of all fathers, of all friends, it ſhall not be in vain that you have ſhed thoſe precious and affecting tears over the faults of your unhappy ſon ! No, I ſhall not without benefit have ſeen that venerable face bathed in tears which have flowed for my weakneſs. I have erred, I have been ſeduced, but you have opened my eyes ; do not doubt of your power over my ſoul ; that fatal love by which it is torn is dearer to me than life, but your eſteem, my deareſt father, is of ſuperior value

with me even to that love!—I foreſaw my miſfortune; I read in your countenance Mr. St. Ives's ſentence—and my own—his unfortunate daughter will not ſurvive the diſgrace of her father; ſhe has the ſame affection for him that I have for you—it will kill her!——I cannot promiſe you that I will live——but I ſwear to you, that my grief and my deſpair ſhall be buried in my boſom; this ſhall be the laſt complaint heard to iſſue from thoſe lips; yes, Sir, I ſwear it.———

J. Bel. You promiſe courage; you acknowledge your faults, but you aggravate them ſtill more! To what do you not expoſe me, by letting me ſee the exceſs of that paſſion which governs you. And if the affection I have for you, or if pity ſhould ſeduce me; thou unhappy youth! if the dread I am inſpired with from the condition in which I now ſee you, ſhould deprive me in one inſtant of the fruit of twenty years wiſdom and probity!———

Dor. Ah dear father, I know your exalted virtue.———

J. Bel. What, do you think I am inſenſible?—Undoubtedly I ſhall do my duty, but if you make it painful to me, if you deprive me of the ſatisfaction I find in diſcharging it, will you have nothing to reproach yourſelf with?

Dor. Alas!—excuſe the tranſports of a firſt emotion—think only of your own glory, and

that alone will conſole me for all—forget my errors, I will live to expiate them if poſſible; yes, Sir, I ſubmit to my deſtiny.—Continue to be my guide, do not forſake me, and every thing will become eaſy to me, to comfort you, and obtain my pardon.

J. Bel. Theſe are ſentiments worthy of yourſelf; now I recogniſe, I again find my ſon.—The promiſe you have juſt made, already reſtores me to my peace; think, my ſon, that you cannot fail without deſtroying all the happineſs of my life.—

Dor. Ah Sir.

J. Bel. Somebody comes----huſh----let us conceal our agitation.

SCENE VIII.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL, DURAND.

DUR. [to Judge Belmont.] Sir, I have finiſhed my extract.---It is five o'clock.—

J. BEL. Very well, I will go and dreſs, and in the mean time you ſhall read it to me.---Are you not ſurpriſed Mr. Durand to ſee my ſon here?

DUR. Truly, Sir——

J. BEL. He came to aſk ſome pens from you; it is not the firſt time he has paſſed the night in writing.——

DUR. Mr. Dorval is ſo changed--- he will kill himſelf.——

J. BEL. He has promiſed me to be more reaſonable in future, and I depend upon it. Farewell, Dorval, come, Mr. Durand.

[They go out.]

SCENE IX.

DORVAL [alone, after a ſhort ſilence.]

He has left me!---What will become of me? I feel as if he had carried with him all my reſolution and all my virtue!----Where is he going?---to condemn Mr. St. Ives?---and in this dreadful doubt, I find I am alone, left to myſelf!----Where is Melcourt?---what is he doing?---,what, will all abandon me!----I muſt run and write to him to come; alas! I never had ſuch occaſion for a friend!

[He goes out.]

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

DORVAL [alone, holding his watch.]

IT is eight o'clock—and Melcourt does not come!——Every thing oppreſſes me at once! The rigour of my deplorable fate, the ſeverity of my father, and the coldneſs of my friend. It is too much, my courage is exhauſted.————[He throws himſelf into a chair, and looks at his watch.] At this moment perhaps the decree is pronounced!—Lovely and dear Arabella, in what ſituation art thou at preſent!———Ah, I ſhare your grief, your torments, and you do not know it; no, nor ever ſhall know it—[He riſes in great agitation.] No, no, before I re-

nounce you and life, I will let you know the unhappy heart that adores you——What, is it poſſible that ſhe has not diſcovered the ſecret?——Alas! in a happier ſeaſon, I preſumed ſometimes to yield to the pleaſing idea, that Arabella had read it in my ſoul without being offended——Ah! if it were true, if I could flatter myſelf that I am loved; no, every attempt to ſeparate me from her would be vain: if I am loved, I am engaged, bound to her for ever!——Her misfortunes would make her ſtill more dear to me.——For her ſake I would ſet the public opinion at defiance——But my father!—O afflicting thought! my inflexible father will baniſh me from his preſence!—How can I endure his indignation, his contempt, and the threats of his curſe?—a father's curſe!—I ſhudder! that ſingle idea freezes me with dread and horror—Love make me renounce my father!—and ſuch a father! ——Ah! never, never ſhall it gain ſuch a fatal criminal power over my mind! O, may that day in which I am deſtined to ſo cruel a conteſt, rather prove my laſt! [He ſinks back in his chair quite oppreſſed.]

SCENE II.

DORVAL, MELCOURT.

MEL. [entering haſtily.] Dorval! ———

DOR. [raiſing himſelf up.] So--you are come at laſt!—Ah, Melcourt, how could you forſake me in my preſent ſtate of mind!—I have expected you theſe three hours. ———

MEL. But in your note you deſired I would enquire about Miſs St. ves. ———

DOR. Well, what have you learnt?—She is ſick, no doubt;—in deſpair—don't conceal any thing.

MEL. I have juſt left her uncle, who tells me ſhe was much dejected, very reſtleſs.

DOR. O heaven!

MEL. She ſat up all night. ———

DOR. Alas! the ſame fears deprived us both of reſt.

MEL. But let us talk of your father; in your note you ſay he is informed ———

DOR. He knows all; I have confeſſed every thing: O Melcourt, you now ſee the moſt unfortunate, weak, and irreſolute of men---I would, without heſitation, ſacrifice

the happineſs of my life to my father----but to know that the woman I love is drowned in tears, devoted to deſpair!———No, that is an idea I cannot ſupport.

MEL. Wait the event at leaſt; let us hope.———

DOR. What can I hope! Alas! hope is a bleſſing for ever loſt to me———I foreſee the fate of Mr. St. Ives---he will loſe his ſuit ——perhaps he has already loſt it———O God!———

MEL. But how can you know that?

DOR. Alas! my father made me underſtand it but too plainly.———

MEL. I can ſcarcely perſuade myſelf, that———

DOR. I am certain, I tell you.—This very day Miſs St. Ives will learn that a fatal decree ruins and diſgraces her father?—She will accuſe mine of the diſhonour which falls upon her family! My name, my name alone, will make her ſhudder. Alas! in her hatred, which will be but too well grounded, ſhe will confound the ſon with the father—ſhe will deteſt me!—and I live!—I ſubmit to this terrible deſtiny!———Advice, Melcourt, is in vain; I am no longer in a condition to profit by it, nor even to liſten to it; it may imbitter my ſufferings, but cannot recall my reaſon.———Reaſon———I have loſt it! I renounce it, and will no longer hearken but to my heart.

MEL. Do not, my dear Dorval, be afraid of unſeaſonable counſels———Alas, I can only be ſilent and add my tears to yours!

DOR. Yes, yes, abandon a wretch to himſelf who is not worthy of your friendſhip—In fact, I no longer deſerve that you ſhould attempt to conſole me!———

MEL. Good God, is this the interpretation you give to the dread I feel of offending, or diſpleaſing you?———

DOR. Melcourt, ah my dear Melcourt, pardon my injuſtice———If I could deſcribe to you the conteſts, the torments of this diſtracted mind, I am ſure I ſhould excite your moſt tender compaſſion———You, better than any one ſhould know the exceſs of my grief; you witneſſed the origin of this fatal paſſion; you followed its progreſs!——— Recollect that happy time, when without conſtraint, without diſquiet, I ſaw Miſs St. Ives every day. For ſix whole months I intoxicated myſelf with the pleaſure of hearing and admiring her.———Recollect, O Melcourt, thoſe pleaſing moments.———I ſaw her, or I ſpoke of her, or I heard the praiſes of her charms, her modeſty, that goodneſs, that enchanting mildneſs by which ſhe is ſo diſtinguiſhed!———Could I love an object more worthy of fixing a virtuous and feeling heart, could reaſon have made a better choice!—— Have not you agreed with me on that head a thouſand times? Have you not told me, dear

Melcourt, that if it had not been for my paſſion, you would have loved her yourſelf!—It is impoſſible to know her without adoring her—Alas! you know the origin of my attachment to her; it was her reſpect and tenderneſs for her father; how affecting ſhe was when ſpeaking of him———I diſcovered in her ſoul all the feelings of my own.——— O heaven, and that conformity which then was my delight, now oppreſſes me———Repreſent to yourſelf the condition that affectionate daughter muſt be in at preſent——And in an hour, what will become of her, when all hope is loſt?——But do you think her father will loſe his cauſe?———I feel that I ſtill flatter myſelf in ſpite of me.———Melcourt, are you not convinced at the bottom of your heart that Mr. St. Ives is innocent? And can you believe that the judges?—

MEL. I ſtill preſerve the ſame hopes, and the rather, as I know without a poſſibility of doubting, that the Marquis of Rozelle, notwithſtanding his apparent ſecurity, left your father laſt night very melancholy and diſſatisfied.—

DOR. Is that really true?———You hope——you believe.—From whom had you theſe particulars?

MEL. From a relation of the Marquis of Rozelle's whom I juſt now met.

DOR. [embracing Melcourt with tranſport.] My dear friend;———if you knew what

conſolation you give to an afflicted heart!—I now recollect that my father ſpoke to the counſellor of Mr. St. Ives with ſeeming ſatisfaction.——And what he ſaid to me, is no proof of his being againſt Mr. St. Ives, but rather the contrary.——Only conceive what muſt be my joy and tranſports on hearing that he has gained his ſuit!————On ſeeing the triumph of Mr. St. Ives——on thinking that Arabella will aſcribe that happineſs, the happineſs of her life, to the knowledge and to the cares of my father.—I ſhall be but too, too happy.—But I muſt not yield to ſuch pleaſing hopes—which, alas, in one inſtant perhaps will be deſtroyed for ever.

MEL. Undoubtedly you have ſent one of your ſervants to wait at the court, to bring you the earlieſt intelligence of the deciſion?

DOR. No; my father at ſetting out, made me promiſe that I would not ſend any one. He will himſelf announce my fate to me!—What o'clock is it?

MEL. Half an hour paſt nine.—

DOR. The court has been aſſembled theſe three hours!—

MEL. We ſhall have no intelligence before mid-day.—

DOR. O heavens, what a delay!—I have always two pictures before my eyes, which are alternately preſenting themſelves to my imagination.———At one time I ſee my father ſurrounded by the judges, with cold-

neſs and ſeverity diſcuſſing the deareſt intereſts of my heart———At another, I ſee Arabella pale and trembling, her countenance drowned in tears, invoking Heaven, counting the tedious moments, and giving herſelf up to the dreadful torments of impatience, fear and uncertainty.—Can you ſuppoſe it poſſible for her to ſupport ſuch agitations?—It ſeems as if I felt a painful wound at the bottom of my heart, which is torn open by every palpitation ——— thoſe tears which flow in ſpite of me, weaken, without yielding me the leaſt conſolation.—The leaſt noiſe ſurpriſes, diſturbs, and makes me ſtart.——Ah, Melcourt, how happy are you that have been able to preſerve yourſelf from the fatal dominion of the paſſions!—Seeing what a deplorable ſlave I am, learn to dread them ſtill more.———They ſnatch away at once, peace, tranquility, courage and reaſon, the moſt ſolid advantages, and the only virtues by which man can be ennobled and diſtinguiſhed? Ah, fly for ever from their tyrannical yoke, at leaſt let the ſtriking example of my errors, be a warning to my friend!——

MEL. I expect a ſtill more important leſſon from you, my dear Dorval: I have only known how to fly from the influence of the paſſions, but you will teach me how to ſubdue them, how a noble and courageous ſoul can wreſt itſelf from their ſeduction, triumph over their violence, and reſume its power and original worth with becoming dignity.—

DOR. O Heavens!—Melcourt—do you hear?

MEL. What is the matter?

DOR. A carriage——in the court.——I am ſure I am not miſtaken!

MEL. [taking him by the hand.] How you tremble!—Sit down.———

DOR. Certainly it is my father.——Ah Melcourt?

MEL. For Heaven's ſake I pray you be calm!———

DOR. What am I now to hear!—Gracious God!—

MEL. Somebody comes.———

DOR. I cannot ſtand. [He leans againſt a table.]

MEL. [moves ſome ſteps and returns.] It is not your father!—

DOR. How; are you certain?

MEL. No, it is not he, it is Sinclair!—

DOR. How exceſſively troubleſome!------ What does he want!———Why has he been admitted?———But perhaps he knows ſome news!———

MEL. For Heaven's ſake, Dorval, be cautious———here he comes.———

DOR. Find a pretence to get quickly rid of him.

MEL. Leave that to me.———

SCENE III.

DORVAL, MELCOURT, SINCLAIR.

SIN. If you will give me leave, I come to wait the judge, that I may be immediately acquainted with the iſſue of the ſuit.

MEL. Judge Belmont does not come home ———he dines with his ſiſter———and Dorval and I are juſt going out.———

SIN. That is another affair.———I could not go to the court this morning; I could not ſleep; I got out of bed.———I am in a very bad ſtate of health----but, good God! Dorval is ſick too; how he is changed!—

DOR. Yes, I am not well.

SIN. He looks as if he had riſen from the dead.———I never ſaw the like———well ———to amuſe you ſhall I tell you ſome news?———As I was walking in the Gardens, I met Gerrard, who lives with his friend the Preſident, and he told me laſt night that the countenance of the court ſeemed abſolutely unfavourable to Mr. St. Ives.———

Gerrard has no intereſt in the affair; he is as we are, entirely neuter; he is a young man of ſenſe and penetration;——ſo that what he ſays may be depended on.——Mr. St. Ives is a ruined man; it may be ſo ſaid now; for probably the cauſe is judged by this time.——But Dorval is taken ill. See, Melcourt, how pale he is!——

MEL. It is a dizzineſs to which he is ſubject; I will take him to his chamber.——

SIN. It is a troubleſome complaint.——Farewell, my dear Dorval; I ſhall ſend to enquire after your health.

[He goes out.]

SCENE IV.

DORVAL, MELCOURT,

DOR. Leave me, Melcourt, I want to be alone, I intreat you to leave me.

MEL. What, am I a burthen to you, am I troubleſome?———

DOR. I hate myſelf; I deteſt life; I will not liſten to conſolation———leave me I tell you.———

MEL. What, unhappy man! will you renounce friendſhip? No, I cannot believe it.———

DOR. Well, ſince you will remain, you muſt be a witneſs then of my diſtreſs; which nothing at preſent can alleviate.———It is no longer grief that afflicts me, but rage and furious madneſs, which conſume and devour me.——Now all my forebodings are juſtified ———My father will preſently appear, and coldly tell me, that Mr. St. Ives is diſgraced;———I ſhall hear theſe dreadful words iſſue from his mouth.———No, I cannot moderate the violent tranſports of ſuch well-founded deſpair.———I ſhall offend my father, I ſhall provoke his anger———Since ſenſibility is ſo great a crime in his eyes, let me ſhun his preſence———Should he ſee me, you may depend upon it, that, provoked

at my weakneſs, he will drive me from him, he will baniſh me.———It is better to impoſe a voluntary exile upon myſelf----Melcourt, farewell.———

MEL. But where do you propoſe to go?

DOR. I do not know,---I wiſh only to fly from men, from ſociety, in ſhort, from this world, which I deteſt.———Melcourt, this heart is deeply wounded----I am reſolved----- This houſe is become hateful to me----I can no longer live in it.———

MEL. But is it poſſible that what ſuch a blockhead as Sinclair could ſay———

DOR. I know Gerrard whom he mentioned, and I am certain.——

MEL. Well, even granting that Mr. St. Ives is ruined, diſgraced, and his daughter loſt to you; it would be a ſevere blow I own; but if liſtening only to a blind deſpair, you could be capable of abandoning your father's houſe, forget the reſpect and ſubmiſſion you owe to the beſt of fathers; if love could degrade you to ſuch a degree, Dorval, I could, with a dry eye, ſee you depart; you would neither deſerve pity nor regret.----Is it poſſible that a frail and tranſient paſſion, of eighteen months ſtanding, can gain an influence in your mind ſuperior to the ſacred feelings of nature, and a ten years friendſhip!----Come, come, I know you better, your grief deceives you----Examine your heart, you will ſee that a true friend, a friend, (I preſume to ſay it)

ſuch as I, is ſufficient to attach you to life, and conſole you for the torments of love. Rouſe then, my dear Dorval, from this ſhameful oppreſſion; dare to have greater confidence in your own worth, learn to ſuffer with courage; in ſhort, be a man.

DOR. Well then, guide me; conduct me; diſpoſe of the fate of a wretch who throws himſelf on your care.----Let friendſhip reſcue me from this dreadful delirium.----What do you require? Say?---What muſt I do?

MEL. Submit to your deſtiny whatever it may be;----Conceal your love and your grief, and let not thoſe bitter tears flow but in the boſom of your friend,—

DOR. I ſwear it---I am determined; your virtue triumphs over my weakneſs----O, thou faithful and generous friend, thy affectionate counſels have at laſt reſtored me to myſelf.---You will ſtill ſee me lament my fate----but I here ſwear to you, I will form no more mad and criminal projects---I ſhall excite your pity by my ſufferings, but at leaſt you ſhall not bluſh for my errors.

MEL. I hear a noiſe.

DOR. O God?——

MEL. Now my dear Dorval, it is your father.——

DOR. Do not leave me, Melcourt---Come, let us go meet him-----I cannot-----O, I die.-----

MEL. [ſupporting him.] Remember your promiſe---collect all your ſtrength.----

DOR. It is exhauſted! O heavens, I hear my father!----

MEL. It is he!---Dorval, if you love me remember your oaths.

SCENE V.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL, MELCOURT.

J. BEL. Melcourt---I am happy to find you here----it was my wiſh that you ſhould be preſent at this converſation, which will let you know whether my ſon is truly worthy of your eſteem and friendſhip. You are acquainted with all his ſecrets, ſo I may ſpeak before you without reſerve.

DOR. Well Sir----has Mr. St. Ives loſt his ſuit?——

J. BEL. In the firſt place I muſt tell you that it is decided according to my opinions, and of courſe I am fully convinced of the juſtice of the decree. But now, Dorval, I muſt aſk you a queſtion: anſwer me, and ſay, if the ſentence condemns Mr. St. Ives, will you preſume to murmur?——Will you accuſe me of being led by prejudice; or believing the deciſion to be juſt, will you act ſo unworthy a part as to repine at the triumph of innocence; ſpeak?

MEL. [aſide.] I tremble!——

DOR. O Sir, you may doubt my reaſon, you have a right to do ſo——but have you any grounds to doubt of my reſpect for you?—— Do not add to the vexation which kills me—I foreſee my misfortune—I underſtand this cruel language but too well—I may ſink under this load of ſorrow----but depend upon it, Sir, I can ſuffer without complaining.

MEL. [to Judge Belmont.] Yes Sir, I dare anſwer for his diſcretion.

DOR. O Sir, in one word, let me intreat you to tell me the fate of Mr. St. Ives—Alas! all is over, and I am about to loſe irrecoverably that weak hope which alone could ſoften the horror of my ſufferings----O my father, pardon me.———

J. BEL. But why this deſpair, Dorval, what have I ſaid?———

DOR. What?----How!----is it poſſible!

J. BEL. I delay to inform you of the truth; I am afraid, my ſon, to excite in you a fatal emotion.---Will you never learn to check thoſe violent tranſports?

DOR. O my father—you ſeem to relent!——Good heaven, I dare to hope in ſpite of myſelf!---Ah, ſay Sir.———

J. BEL. Mr. St. Ives.———

DOR. Well———

MEL. [aſide.] What a moment!——

J. BEL. Mr. St. Ives is entirely juſtified.

DOR. O my G[illegible]

MEL. Ah my friend!

J. BEL. He has completely gained his ſuit, and in every point.

DOR. [ruſhing into the arms of his father.] O my father!

MEL. Dear Dorval!———

DOR. Mr. St. Ives has gained his ſuit.—O my father—dear Melcourt!———[He embraces them.] Miſs St. Ives!———She is happy now!———She is at the ſummit of her wiſhes!———Now I am amply recompenſed for all my ſufferings!———What happineſs can be compared to mine!———

J. BEL. Moderate theſe tranſports, my dear Dorval. I am perhaps going to poiſon your joy; I am going to aſk a painful ſacrifice.———

DOR. There is no ſacrifice I can heſitate to make for you; ſay then, Sir———

J. BEL. At preſent the hand of Miſs St. Ives would do you honour, but however, you muſt renounce it.———

DOR. Renounce it!—Good heaven!——and for what muſt I renounce it!

J. BEL. It muſt be ſo, if my honour or reputation have any weight with you; I was the Reporter of Mr. St. Ives; it is believed, and I own that I contributed greatly to the gaining of his ſuit; if you marry his daughter, can the particulars be known which will ſhelter me from every ſuſpicion of partiality; can it be known that I was unacquainted with

your ſentiments till the moment I was going to enter the Court?———Would you, Dorval, ſupply calumny with arms againſt me, whom ſhe has not hitherto been able to blacken, nay, not even to attack?

DOR. That is enough, Sir; you aſk only the ſacrifice of my happineſs, I do not heſitate; the peace of her I love is ſecure, Miſs St. Ives is happy, that is ſufficient.—How contemptible ſhould I be in my own eyes, if I had not ſufficient courage to bear a misfortune, in which I alone am to ſuffer!——Ah Sir, you will find that this erring heart, which you have ſeen ſo weak, is at leaſt not without ſome merit!———Yes, Sir, I will wring the fatal paſſion from my ſoul———I renounce it for ever.———From henceforth I will only live for you, [reaching his hand to Melcourt,] and for friendſhip.—Happy if on theſe terms I can expiate my faults, and recover your eſteem!———

J. BEL. [reaching out his arms] Come, my ſon, my dear ſon, come to the arms of the happieſt of fathers!———Yes, I will accept the generous ſacrifice; it tears your heart at preſent, but prepares for you a laſting happineſs!———Depend upon it, my dear Dorval, that love, that frail paſſion, cannot exiſt without hope; it will very ſoon be defaced from your remembrance; then, with what ſatisfaction will you enjoy the gratitude of your father, the eſteem and admira-

tion of your friend, of Melcourt, who is ſo dear to you! How will you applaud yourſelf for this noble triumph!---The laudable pride with which it will inſpire you, you will think an ample recompence.

MEL. Ah! Sir, his ſoul is made to feel all the delightful emotions of that exalted enthuſiaſm of honour and virtue? O Dorval how this day augments and confirms my friendſhip for you!———

DOR. O my father———dear Melcourt ———I can only anſwer you with tears---- but they are not tears of bitterneſs———no, I already find I am not unhappy.----What can be the fate that muſt not be ſoftened by ſuch goodneſs and affection?

J. BEL. Thank Heaven, my ſon, I have not an anxious thought about you in future; in the age of frailty and error, you have been able to conquer your paſſions, and know the value of friendſhip? What am I not to expect from you?———Melcourt, Dorval, my dear children, continue to love each other. ———By mutual advice confirm your principles; inform yourſelves reciprocally of your errors, and remember that it is the part of true friendſhip to purify the heart, improve the temper, and to embelliſh it with new virtues.

End of the Third Volume.